THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

THE transference of Sir William Tyrrell from the Foreign Office to the British Embassy in Paris is an affair of the very first importance, although its results may not make themselves felt at once. As Permanent Undersecretary of State from 1919 until the present time, and as Lord Grey's private secretary and right-hand man from 1908 to 1915, Sir William more than any one individual has been responsible for British policy during a singularly trying period. He has now exchanged an inconspicuous position of genuine importance for a public station that may or may not involve powers commensurate with its external dignities. His post in London has been filled by Sir Roland Lindsay, former Ambassador to Berlin, who is said to have undone much of the good accomplished by Lord D'Abernon, the real originator of Locarno. 'For two years,' writes Pertinax in *Écho de Paris*, 'he has given the measure of himself in appreciably correcting the suspect tradition of Lord D'Abernon.'

Foreign Office Changes

British comments on the change were singularly guarded and colorless, and dwelt chiefly on Sir William's pro-French tendencies. The *New Statesman*, however, pointed out that Prince Lichnowsky 'paid a convincing tribute to the great service which Sir William rendered to the cause of Anglo-German friendship before the war.'

Certain Germans and Russians — notably Paul Scheffer, Moscow correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* — believe that Tyrrell personifies the reactionary policy Britain has pursued since the war. Perhaps because he is a Roman Catholic, Sir William has shown himself more than friendly to Italy, and he must also be given a large measure of credit for the powerful Anglo-French hegemony that has now been built up on the continent. It is believed that he favored the break with Russia and that through him British policy has been endeavoring to encircle the Soviets with an unfriendly ring of Powers. These efforts culminated in the unsuccessful demands for a Franco-Russian break at the time of Rakovskii's activities last fall.

The question now is whether Sir William's departure for Paris marks

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an end of his sway, or whether he will continue to exercise a dominating influence. One thing at least is sure: England will continue along her conservative, conciliatory course, eschewing any 'all in' agreements with as much determination as ever. The French give every evidence of satisfaction, while the German press remains decidedly glum.

Further interest has been attached to the whole affair by the fact that the francs-speculation scandal in the Foreign Office broke just a few days after Tyrrell's removal. Mr. J. D. Gregory, the dismissed Undersecretary of State, is said to have been vitally involved in the famous Zinoviev letter whose publication on the eve of the last general election helped to roll up the Conservative majority in the House of Commons. Sir Eyre Crowe, whom Sir William succeeds in Paris, authorized the publication of the letter, but Ramsay MacDonald has announced that never at any time did he suspect Sir Eyre Crowe of believing that the thing was a fraud. Romantic press correspondents suggest that Labor may be able to make political capital of the whole episode — an interesting point, but one that ignores the proved incapacity of Labor to make an issue of anything and the skill of the Foreign Office in telling the public only what it is good for it to know.

Both Liberal and Tory papers commended the quick disciplinary measures that were taken against the offenders, but the pro-Labor *Daily Herald* wished that the inquiry had been public. Speaking of the report that was finally issued, the same paper remarks: —

'When all is said, the Report does no more than lift a tantalizingly small corner of the veil that has shrouded the "Zinoviev Letter" in mystery. It is silent about the part played by the *Daily Mail* in giving it to the world. On the afternoon of October 24, 1924, that newspaper circulated in Fleet Street copies of the document, and it was not until some hours later that the Foreign Office issued it, along with a protest to Mr. Rakovskii, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, signed by Mr. Gregory, in the absence of the Foreign Secretary.

'Clearly the part played by Carmelite House is a matter upon which the public is entitled to more information. How, and from what source, did the text of that letter come into the possession of the *Daily Mail?* For what length of time was the document (purported to have been written on September 15) in Carmelite House before publication? By what singular coincidence was the *Daily Mail* able to issue it to the press at a critical moment in the General Election campaign?'

British Politics

The decision of the Executive Committee of the Communist International at Moscow to run fifty candidates in the next British general election has been greeted by the English press as an absurdly ineffective piece of political strategy. The *New Statesman* sums the matter up in this excellent paragraph: —

'We do not know which will be the greater, the dismay of the British Communists or the pleasure of the Labor Party, at the election orders just issued by Moscow. There is to be a complete change of tactics, we are told. The British Communist Party is to abandon the pretense of the "united front"; it is to put up its own candidates, using the full Red label; it is to fight the "Pinks" as fiercely as the "Whites." In fact, it is Mr. MacDonald, and not Mr. Baldwin, who is to be regarded as the most dangerous enemy of the proletariat.

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He and other leaders of the Right Wing have gone over openly to the bourgeoisie; they have betrayed the workers in the matter of the Trade-Unions Act; they have adopted a shameless imperialist attitude in China and India. And so the renegades are to be attacked with horse, foot, and artillery — if such a phrase can be applied to the stage army of the British Communists. Fifty of these brave fellows will enter the lists, it is rumored, at the next general election, which will mean that fifty Labor candidates will be relieved of the necessity of explaining that they are not Bolsheviki and have not invited Communists to come down to help them by vilifying the Labor Party! We can well understand that this edict has created consternation among our Communists, who would prefer to make fools of themselves in their own way rather than in Moscow's way, and who had, in fact, put forward a rather less insane plan of campaign. But there is no appeal against the decision of their Russian masters.'

Major F. Yeats-Brown's account of conditions in the Welsh coal fields that we publish in this issue has been attacked by the *Morning Post*, which claims that only the women are suffering. The correspondent of this highly conservative journal has checked up on no less than three cases in which excessive benefits have been distributed, and goes on to explain that the coal trade is suffering from the fact that during the war 270,000 men did the work of 230,000, that only 176,000 are needed to-day, and that the miners who fought in the war want their jobs back. It is hard to doubt the substantial accuracy of Major Yeats-Brown's painful picture, and it seems likely that the present situation will continue until the idle miners can be persuaded to take up different work elsewhere.

The British Legion has decided to imitate its American comrades-in-arms and pay a visit to Paris next summer, which leads the editor of the *Outlook* to remark: —

'I cannot help regretting that the British Legion should have decided to emulate its opposite number in the United States and pay a visit to Paris this summer. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but in the present instance it would surely have been more dignified to confine the visit to the battlefields, and not to have provoked comparison by so slavishly following the American lead of last year. In any case, the festivities in the French capital will be strangely out of keeping with the spirit underlying the rest of the pilgrimage.'

Egypt and India

The visit of the Simon Commission to India should at least serve to teach England something about 'that vast and heterogeneous country of whom' — it is Lord Birkenhead speaking — 'we are the responsible trustees.' Once again it has become abundantly clear that Hindu and Moslem rivalry and local feuds are the only things that really stimulate the Indians into action, and the decision of various communities in regard to coöperating with the Commission have rarely been influenced by national considerations. The *Manchester Guardian's* Madras correspondent, who has been pointing this out, also enlarges upon the incompetence of the Indian legislatures. He mentions two junior ministers in Madras who 'deserted their chief on the question of boycotting the Simon Commission, but instead of voting for the boycott remained neutral. The explanation of such happenings may be obtained from the fact that the most wealthy professional men in India refuse to spend more than five pounds, or, at the outside, ten pounds;

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a year on the schooling of a son. Hence there are no schools in India where boys are brought up in an environment calculated to produce a standard of public conduct and public spirit suited to a governing class.'

The *Morning Post* maintains that, both in India and in Egypt, England should remember that every concession is greeted as a surrender and is promptly followed by still more arrogant demands on the part of the natives. This reactionary paper believes that the Simon Commission is not qualified to deal with India, and on the subject of Egypt it never tires of pointing out that all the claims of the local Nationalists are based on a unilateral grant on the part of Britain, which the Egyptians have grossly abused and which should be forgotten as soon as possible. It urges the Foreign Office to 'maintain what is left of our position in Egypt in the negotiations now proceeding.'

French Elections

Poincaré's masterly speech on financial reform bids fair to become the crux of the coming elections. M. Franklin Bouillon, who has abjured the policy of the Radical Socialists because of their opposition to the National Union, has issued a manifesto setting forth a programme that appeals to the Moderate Republicans of the Left. French politics move fast, and it is quite possible that the scheme may miss fire, but it calls for the stabilization of the franc, economic reorganization, and peace and security based on existing alliances unless a general pledge of European peace can be arranged. There are also provisions for social insurance and public health to stop the mouths of the revolutionists.

Whatever its ultimate importance may be, the manifesto shows what the electorate is thinking about. The Left, meanwhile, claims that Poincaré has merely stolen its thunder and prospered on its support, but it is significant that many of its views on the capital levy and nationalization schemes have been abandoned or revised in the light of recent experiences.

At Geneva

There is food for cynical reflection in the fact that the two most powerful nations outside the League have proposed such far-reaching plans for peace that the Geneva statesmen almost find themselves embarrassed. Obviously it costs Mr. Kellogg almost as little to advocate renouncing war as a means of national policy as it does Mr. Litvinov to ask that all the armaments in the world be scrapped. On the latter score, the *Morning Post* introduces the extraordinary objection that the elimination of arms would increase unemployment — suggesting, as it were, that the wastefulness of war is essential to our economic welfare. With a good deal more appropriateness, the same paper also points out the unexampled record of butchery of which the present Moscow authorities are guilty. Their zeal in the cause of peace might, therefore, be open to some suspicion.

The German delegate on the Geneva Security Commission fears that regional pacts on the Locarno model may be imposed upon nations against their will. The *Daily Telegraph's* diplomatic correspondent points out, for instance, that the Little Entente, and perhaps Poland too, might attempt to dragoon Austria and Hungary into an agreement that would forbid either of the two countries from seeking revisions of their present frontiers. Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece might take the same line with Bulgaria, and Poland might try to put Germany in an unfavorable light by endeavoring to get her to agree to maintaining the present boundaries forever. The German delegate also fears that France

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or Italy may attempt to secure an hegemony on the central or lower Danube by acting as the guarantor of such a pact.

The *Saturday Review's* Geneva correspondent announces that much amusement has been caused by the revival of the rumor that the League of Nations is about to transfer its headquarters to Vienna. The report, it appears, originated with an American newspaper correspondent who had just returned from the Austrian capital thoroughly enamored of its charms. Members of the Austrian Government believed him to be a semiofficial emissary from Geneva, and members of the League Secretariat may even have believed him to be a semiofficial emissary from Vienna. 'The result is,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'that the chancelleries of Europe see in the whims of an American journalist a deep-laid plot to rob Austria of her independence and to prevent all possibility of her eventual union with Germany.'

Germany

The *Berliner Tageblatt* has been calling attention to the fact that the German navy, although well within the prescribed limits of the Versailles Treaty, is costing a fabulous sum. Ordinary merchant vessels cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars a ton, de luxe liners two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, whereas the new German cruisers are costing one thousand dollars a ton. Before the war a five-thousand-ton cruiser could be built for two and one-half million dollars, but for a new cruiser of this type $3,625,000 is required for armaments alone — a truly inexplicable amount. The Reichsrat has already vetoed a ten-thousand-ton battleship whose armaments, estimated at nearly six million dollars, would have fallen only one million dollars short of the cost of a fully equipped ten-thousand-ton British cruiser. On the basis of these figures the *Berliner Tageblatt* writer asserts that Germany has the most expensive navy in the world, and supports this contention with the following table:—

GERMAN NAVY: Personnel 15,000; nine battleships and cruisers and several torpedo boats in commission, with six small coast defense detachments. Budget, $54,000,000.

ITALIAN NAVY: Personnel 45,000; more than three times as many ships, besides a powerful aviation service and an elaborate system of coast defense. Budget, $49,000,000.

FRENCH NAVY: Personnel 57,500; number of ships, etc., equivalent to the Italian. Budget, $58,000,000.

The recent conversations between Stresemann and Titulescu are said to have dealt with two subjects — the Rumanian-Hungarian dispute, and the possibility of Rumania's raising a loan in Germany. Stresemann is said to have assured Titulescu that neither Rumania nor the Little Entente 'had anything to fear from nationalistic tendencies from Budapest.' The fact that Dr. Reingold, Finance Minister in several Berlin governments, and a close collaborator of Herr Stresemann's, also arrived on the scene encouraged the belief that financial support would be forthcoming.

The unexpected appearance of the former Crown Prince when President Hindenburg welcomed the King and Queen of Afghanistan to Berlin was really more significant than the arrival of the German Republic's first royal guests. *Vossische Zeitung* said: 'It betrays a remarkable lack of taste to push one's self forward upon an occasion in which a foreign ruler is honored. Perhaps, however, the former Crown Prince wished to make known that he has quite reconciled himself to being one of the crowd and not a chief personage on State occasions.' The crowd, more curious than enthusiastic, greeted the young Hohenzollern with mingled applause and hisses.

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The failure of Stalin's campaign to amass a grain supply has brought the conflict between workers and peasants to a head. A feature article in *Pravda* discusses the problem with astounding frankness. Admitting the failure of the collections, that journal says: 'In spite of eliminating speculation, wasteful competition and inflated grain prices have helped speculators to defeat the price policy of the Soviet Government. The Communist Party might have remedied the situation had it intervened at the right moment, but the success of its campaign last year and the attention that other problems demanded caused the Party to proceed carelessly.'

Central Europe

Chancellor Seipel's visit to Prague was entirely unofficial, and the alarms raised in some quarters were quickly laid to rest by official statements from both governments. Foreign Minister Beneš assured the Czechoslovakian Senate that the visit merely emphasized the strong bonds between the two states. *Le Temps*, always interested in the affairs of Central Europe, emphasized the friendly note of the visit, saying that it had been made to promote economic solidarity. Austria is chiefly interested in restoring business, and Chancellor Seipel reported that the commercial treaty negotiated between Vienna and Prague last year was working out satisfactorily to both parties.

The diplomatic correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a Hungarian by birth, says that the St. Gotthard arms episode 'continues to be regarded with complete equanimity and some amusement in most British circles.' The suggestion has been made, however, that the sale of the war material was a farce and that the objects disposed of were not the ones seized at the frontier station.

Recent statements by prominent Rumanians do not bear out the rumors that the bonds between Rumania and the Little Entente are weakening. The new Rumanian Ambassador at Prague emphatically stated that 'the Little Entente is unshakable,' and the Minister of the Interior has declared before Parliament that 'the Little Entente is a vital necessity for Rumania.' Titulescu, whose European tour may have encouraged some of these reports, has announced: 'I recognize the Little Entente as an instrument of peace, and I will remain absolutely loyal to it.'

Sir Horace Rumbold has written an article in *Economia*, a Madrid review, discussing the economic and financial situation of Great Britain. The purpose of this article is to counteract the effects of anti-British propaganda in Spain. The gist of this propaganda is that Britain is fast on the decline, and such recent agreements as the Vickers-Armstrong merger are being described as signs of decadence. The following item, published as a telegram from London to *El Sol*, is also typical. The headline reads: 'England Threatened with Bankruptcy.'

Ex-Finance Minister Reginald McKenna declares that Great Britain is in danger of collapse from financial bankruptcy. British production is at a very low ebb, and capital emigrates to foreign enterprises, where it is safer, while the customs tariffs of nearly all the nations sre so high that British goods cannot compete.

Sir Horace shows by statistics that forty million pounds of new capital was subscribed and issued in Great Britain solely for home enterprises during the first eleven months of 1927, and concludes that the confidence of Britons in their own country is not so badly shaken as some Spaniards might be inclined to believe.

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The Orient

With over six hundred thousand Chinese coolies entering Manchuria last year and competing with the Korean farmers there, the Japanese foresee serious trouble, owing largely to the fact that the Chinese are able to subsist on such a low scale of living as to offer Japanese traders a very poor market. Mr. Takeyoshi Miura, head of the Asiatic Bureau of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo, has communicated his fears on this subject to the *Japan Advertiser*. He pointed out that in former years the coolies had returned to their homes when the harvest was over, but that now they are settling down. The Chinese and the Koreans cultivate rice differently, and for that reason the immigrants prefer to enter some other kind of work, preferably railway construction. Labor troubles and persecutions have occurred, and thousands of starving immigrants continue to pour into Manchuria.

Peking presents an even more painful scene. Rodney Gilbert, the leading correspondent and chief editorial writer of the reactionary *North China Daily News*, has been visiting the Chinese capital and finding it in a bad way. He says that everyone is disgusted with the results of the Nationalist movement, and the Diehards are complaining because they can no longer find anyone to argue with. Mr. Gilbert himself felt that intervention is very much in the air, but if he wanted an argument on that score he need not have taken the trouble to leave Shanghai, where the editor of the *China Weekly Review* has already taken up the cudgels by printing a few paragraphs of Mr. Gilbert's mournful observations and characterizing them as the work of a 'champion of intervention, Diehardism, and calamity in China, whose editorials in the *North China Daily News* last summer became so obnoxious that the Chinese were forced to bar them from the mails.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Owen Mortimer Green, proprietor of the *North China Daily News*, has returned from his visit in England. His reports of conditions in the mother country indicate that he realizes the change that has overtaken it since the war, and it seems possible that his reactionary paper may modify its Diehard attitude.

Japan's virtually deadlocked election offers little immediate relief, and indicates that even eighty per cent of a country's population cannot by a mere expression of political opinion work any wonders overnight. A native paper, the *Jiji Shimpo*, makes this significant comment: 'The result is comparatively unimportant. We believe the first manhood suffrage election has caused a political awakening that is a most important phenomenon.'

The *Japan Advertiser* takes this comment as a text to preach a sermon in behalf of democracy. It points out that the suffrage was demanded as a right, and not because the voters wanted an immediate upheaval. It is only natural that the old-fashioned and outworn party distinctions should continue to prevail, and an illuminating comparison with the United States might well have been drawn here. The fact that four out of five people who are eligible to vote availed themselves of the opportunity is surely encouraging to the cause of democracy, as is also the fact that the postmen complained about having to work seventeen hours a day delivering political broadsides.

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Foreign Investments

In its half-yearly banking and commercial review, the *Statist* shows exactly how Great Britain's position as a world lender has developed in the course of the last year. The total new permanent capital exported by England in 1927 was 153 million pounds, as compared with 122 million pounds in the previous year, and an average yearly total since 1919 of 112 million. The 1927 total was also the highest since the war, and fell only 45 million pounds short of the 1913 figure, although if we adjust the 1913 price level to the decreased purchasing power of money in 1927 the difference increases to 130 million pounds.

The most striking fact that these figures bring out is the volume of money lent to Europe, which is actually 13 million pounds ahead of the 1913 figure, in spite of the fact that Russia, which used to borrow 66 per cent of the money lent by England to the Continent, did not figure at all last year.

Canada and the Central and South American countries have both fallen off and transferred their attentions to the United States. In a final table of summaries the *Statist* shows that British money still spreads itself over an enormously wide geographic area. 'No other country,' says the *Statist*, 'shows greater diversification.'

Britain consoles herself for lost opportunities in South America with the fact that Australia turned to London for no less than 37½ million pounds last year, as compared with 15½ million in 1913. Of this total 29 million represent government and municipal borrowings for productive undertakings.

The following tables will bring out certain contrasts between British and American foreign investments.

FOREIGN-CAPITAL ISSUES IN NEW YORK, 1927

	1927 £
British Empire	98,183,770
Europe	27,847,646
Central and South America	23,828,170
United States	307,500
Miscellaneous	2,824,173
Total	152,991,259

FOREIGN-CAPITAL ISSUES IN LONDON, 1927

	1927 £
British Empire	84,587,708
Europe	120,892,774
Central and South America	72,955,596
Japan	5,276,625
Miscellaneous	8,279,565
Total	291,992,268

France, meanwhile, only awaits the stabilization of the franc to compete with the Anglo-Saxon Powers as a creditor nation. A few years before the war French foreign investments were estimated at a total of 1600 million pounds, and were increasing at the rate of 100 millions a year, and sixty years ago, according to J. A. Hobson, France was the coequal of Great Britain in the foreign-investment business. Although the war involved heavy losses, there is little doubt that the thrifty habits of the French still persist—French achievements in the devastated areas being a notable evidence of this fact. 'It is legitimate to assume,' says the *Economist*, 'that France will shortly proceed to reëstablish her position as a creditor nation, not merely by the pur-

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chase of existing foreign stocks, but by floating new foreign issues.'

Nothing can be done, however, until the franc is stabilized in law as well as in fact, for as long as there is any danger of the franc falling in value Frenchmen desire to exchange their money for sound foreign currency, whereas foreigners will not borrow francs that may have to be paid back at a distant date in francs of a higher value. Although Paris has not yet become an important influence in the market, she is likely to assume a new and stronger rôle soon after the May elections, provided all goes well with M. Poincaré.

France used to concentrate her investments in her own colonial empire or in Europe, and even in the past five years she guaranteed a portion of the Austrian loan and small amounts of various reconstruction loans. Within eighteen months the Bank of France has furnished a portion of Central bank credits in connection with the stabilization schemes of Belgium and Italy, and the League of Nations should soon be calling upon France to play a more important part in its various financial operations.

Rubber and Tin

The restriction of British rubber production in order to maintain high prices for American consumers apparently received a severe blow when Mr. Baldwin announced the formation of a secret committee to investigate the Stevenson Scheme. The market, having complacently accepted the announcement that no change would be made in the restriction policy during the next quarter, immediately suffered a severe slump. Much criticism, of course, was leveled at the Government, chiefly because the announcement, having been made after the close of the British market, allowed American bears to flood the market with selling orders one day ahead of the British, on account of the difference in time.

The need for an investigation of the restriction policy seems to have been caused by the growing production in the Dutch East Indies, the projected rubber plantations of Ford and Firestone in Brazil and Liberia, the increasing use of reclaimed rubber by American consumers, and the threat of German synthetic rubber. Last year the British Empire produced only 49½ per cent of the world's rubber, as compared with an average of 72 per cent for 1920–22, and during the past three months many Malay estates have suffered 15 to 20 per cent curtailments in their assessments. British production seems to have remained constant, the increased world demand during the past five years having been supplied by producers outside the Empire.

The *Nation and Athenæum* asks us to 'consider the effect on the Dutch grower if the restriction scheme is now entirely abolished. He would be faced with the loss of some of his newly won markets, and a selling price for his rubber perhaps of less than 1*s.* per pound. May not the abolition of legislative restriction in Malaya be sufficient to induce him to enter into a voluntary restriction of output with the British Rubber Growers' Association? . . . Shareholders should also bear in mind that cheaper rubber may lead to bigger consumption and a reduction in the amount of rubber reclaimed in the United States, which is estimated to have been 190,000 tons last year, or more than double the amount reclaimed in 1925.'

Describing the Stevenson Scheme as having 'become a barren and futile thing,' the *Outlook* feels that 'ultimately the only feasible solution of the rubber problem would appear to lie in the consolidation of producing concerns into large units, with a view not only

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to economy of production, but to the strengthening of the economic power of the growers. In other words, what is wanted is rationalization and cartelization.'

Among those who criticize the British Government is the chairman of the United Serdang Rubber Plantations, Ltd., of Sumatra, who said in his annual report that 'at least 250,000 tons of rubber are necessarily being carried at the present time, and a loss of 3*d.* per pound is equal to 35 million dollars, which Mr. Baldwin so calmly writes off at the expense of producers, merchants, and manufacturers, to say nothing of the consequential depreciation in the value of the shares in rubber-producing companies, which runs into much larger figures.' He suggests the tendency toward cartelization, but feels that 'consolidation of capital into larger units is not in itself sufficient to ensure stability in the industry,' and that 'there is greater moral force behind our scheme for regulating rubber exports, all the details of which are open to inspection.'

The London *Economist* expresses its opinion in no uncertain terms when it says: 'Without venturing to anticipate the findings of the Committee of Civil Research, we may, therefore, point out in the plainest possible words that time and economic forces are in effective partnership against the indefinite maintenance of the scheme in its present form.'

During the past year the price of tin has fallen from $1548 to $1105 per ton, despite an increase of 7000 tons in world production and only a 2300-ton increase in consumption. The excess supply has been attributed to a reduction in the automobile output of America, but, since our motor-car manufacturers are expected to absorb any further increases in tin production this year, the *Nation and Athenæum* feels that the available statistics do not warrant such a drop in the price of the metal. The market has been disturbed, the *Economist* believes, by 'the rather premature talk of another very large increase in the output in Malaya,' but 'in some quarters well conversant with mine developments in Malay and the results which are being secured from the new dredgers put into operation there it is suggested that the further increase which may accrue in the production of the Straits smelters, including the treatment of outside tin ores imported, will hardly turn out at more than 4000 tons.'

Films

Like many other European countries, France is seeking to protect its cinema industry from American competition by a quota law. A committee of 32 officials and motion-picture experts has been established to select foreign films according to the needs of French production, nine feet of film being imported for every foot of French film exported. The law is manifestly directed against Americans, who dominate a market in which nine tenths of the showings are foreign films. There is talk of an agreement being reached whereby American film exports will not be seriously affected by the legislation. *L'Opinion* supports the Government plan, but it also advises financial rehabilitation of French film companies.

In analyzing the German cinema industry, *Kölnische Zeitung* asserts that American films control 90 per cent of the world market, and that they are supported by American manufacturers in order to introduce our goods and styles abroad. The German industry, the same journal says, may be helped by rationalization, by economy, and by the production of quality films. Our vast home market makes it possible for us to compete still more effectively with the German product, but German and

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British producers have lately combined to meet American rivalry.

Britain

England's cotton-trade outlook goes from bad to worse, the employers having refused to drop their programme of reduced wages and increased hours. But if the British cotton industry is sinking, there is nothing the matter with the big tobacco companies. The British-American–Imperial group has just declared its profits for the year. The Imperial's net gains for 1927 were 9 million pounds, this being an increase of about £270,000 over the year before; and the British-American Company shows a profit of £6,355,000, an increase of about £150,000 over last year. Independent firms have not done so well, and one of the larger combines also shows decreased profits compared with the previous year. One is led to believe that the large firms have progressed at the expense of the smaller groups.

London's underground railways and omnibuses have been doing a record business in the past year, when the total passenger traffic of the city amounted to 3806 million passengers. This represents travel at the rate of 483 journeys a year for each member of the population, New York, with an average of 554 journeys per individual, being the only city that exceeds this figure.

Motor buses have helped materially to swell this impressive total, and Sir John Jarvis, chairman of the National Omnibus Transport Company, has taken up the cudgels against the local railway train, which, he says, 'is going the way of the sedan chair, the stage coach, and the tramcar.' His company is in more direct competition with the railroads than are the London buses, and in referring to the progress which his concern has made in the past seven years he stated that in 1927 it carried 45 million passengers over 317 different routes, as against 4 million passengers over 103 routes in 1920.

The British Industries Fair held simultaneously in London and Birmingham offers impressive and sensational evidence of England's industrial comeback. The London exhibit of lighter goods has a 'window' six miles long, and the two fairs together occupy a total floor space of 450,000 square feet — an increase of over 100,000 square feet on the space occupied last year. The various exhibitors have employed two thousand assistants, and two or three times as many foreign business men are visiting the fair as visited it last year. The exhibitions include leather goods, wireless, mechanical toys, hardware, glass, pottery, artificial silk, typewriters, brass work, and various imperial goods indigenous to some of the farthest corners of the earth.

The Birmingham exhibition boasts eight miles of shop window, and represents 50 per cent more exhibitors than it did last year, the number of exhibitors having increased from 600 to 900.

Germany

Some observers see danger signs ahead for German business. Several industries are hampered by labor troubles, though for the moment comparative calm reigns in the metal workers' dispute, since Labor has wisely chosen to abide by the arbitration and thus to avert a threatened strike or lockout of 800,000 employees, who accepted much less than they had demanded. Their leaders, however, feel that they have won their point, while the industrialists insist that any wage increase whatsoever makes it still more difficult for them to meet foreign competition. *Der deutsche Volkswirt* declares that the metal trades can carry no heavier burdens in wage increases, and that 'Germany has the highest wages, prices, and interest

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rates of any nation on the European continent.'

In a speech before the Solingen Chamber of Commerce Professor Duisberg asserted: 'The agrarian situation, especially in North Germany, is hopeless. And it is just there where we may detect the portent of serious troubles in the future. Lacking healthy and productive agriculture, industries cannot prosper.' Annual interest payments of 125 million dollars on foreign loans, Dawes Plan payments of 625 million dollars, and a disastrous trade deficit are other discouraging signs. The *Statist* is pessimistic of internal conditions: 'Everywhere there has been a notable increase of wages. The recent iron arbitration has resulted in an undesirable increase in production costs. In Central Germany, in Saxony, and in the Ruhr there are strong indications of strikes in the spring. Already the Agent-General announces increased railroad rates, just as last year the Post Office raised postal rates. It is quite certain that the trade-unions are actively agitating in Westphalia, Saxony, and throughout the Ruhr districts.'

Germany is negotiating with Russia for a new trade agreement, the treaty of 1925 being characterized by the London *Morning Post* as a 'fiasco' and a 'roaring comedy,' and by *Der deutsche Volkswirt* as 'a very fragile work.' Before the war Russia was the chief purchaser of German goods, but now she is surpassed by Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and Denmark, and is only barely ahead of Poland, with whom Germany has been waging a tariff war for the past two years. Russian imports from the United States increased from 119,900,000 rubles in 1925–26 to 143,400,000 rubles in 1926–27, and one case is cited where the Soviet bought German goods through an American intermediary and paid the extra price. This has annoyed German exporters, who feel that the Russians have deliberately favored other nations for political reasons. *Der deutsche Volkswirt* complains: 'The 75-million-dollar credit which should have financed additional German exports to Russia has so far failed to act as a spur.' The same journal feels that the Russians can fashion a just trade agreement and bring about better trade relationships if they really care to put their hearts into it.

The measure to release 270 million dollars' worth of sequestrated German property in America, advocated by Parker Gilbert in order to ease Reparations transfers, is passing through Congress under the careful guidance of Mr. Coolidge. The Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd benefit substantially from this settlement, and will probably spend the proceeds to make further additions to their fleets.

Tariff animosity between Germany and Poland is growing less intense, the latter Government having reciprocated the German concession to admit lumber by allowing limited imports of several German manufactured products, such as glass tubing, chemical apparatus, porcelain ware, shoe lasts, knitting needles, clocks, passenger automobiles, doll heads, and bicycles. Dr. Fritz Seifter, writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, feels that a good market has been opened and that the manufacturers of these products should accordingly prosper. The porcelain industry has been particularly prosperous lately, having enjoyed the best Christmas season since the inflation period.

Central Europe

Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft of Vienna objects to Poland raising her tariff walls to still higher levels, for even under the previous duty Austria imported two and one-half times as much from Poland as she exported to that

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country. The Vienna journal complains that this elimination of an important foreign market may bring still further hardship upon Austrian business. As it is, the new and smaller Austria is even now suffering from a depression in which there are more than 260,000 unemployed, and which *Berliner Tageblatt* ascribes to reduced possibilities for internal trade. Many of the old-established firms are suffering from financial embarrassment, and even insolvency.

The Rumanian Budget for 1928, its preface modestly explains, covers 'the sixth period in which expenses have been kept within the margin permitted by revenues.' This achievement of financial stability is further shown in the current estimates of 38,350 million lei in revenues and an expenditure of 38,050 million lei, leaving a margin of 300 million lei for the payment of outstanding debts.

Revaluation and stabilization of the leu is the next problem now that the Budget has been balanced, but M. Vintila Bratiano appears to be in no hurry to change the de facto stabilization at .62½ cents per leu into a de jure state. He explains that 'our efforts . . . will be more lasting and beneficial if we are able to unite with those abroad, whose preoccupation is the renaissance of complete monetary balance throughout Europe.' The *Statist*, however, anticipates legal stabilization of the leu and the reorganization of the Rumanian central banking system within the next few months. During the past year exports exceeded imports by about 25 million dollars — a very favorable balance, since the comparatively poor harvest reduced the volume of exports, and an important Rumanian grain exporting firm has been forced to close its Bucharest offices.

The development of Bulgarian agriculture is expected to be aided materially by the sale of mortgage bonds in the New York and London markets. In December 1927 a law was passed authorizing corporations to issue mortgage bonds up to the total of their long-term loans, with the provision that the outstanding amount of mortgage bonds of each institution is never to be more than twenty times the total of its subscribed capital and reserves. The security behind the bonds must be first mortgages, repayable within forty-five years. The same law permits the mortgage department of the National Bank to be established as a Mortgage Bank, which is expected to start functioning on April 1.

This new bank is a limited liability company capitalized at 10 million Swiss francs, and of the 20,000 shares issued 8000 are being subscribed by the Bulgarian Government and certain domestic interests. The balance is being taken up by an Anglo-American group headed by Lazard Brothers and Blair and Company. The stock in the new bank carries a dividend of 7 per cent, which the Bulgarian Government guarantees for the first five years of the bank's operations. The rate which the bank will obtain for its mortgage loans will be 2½ per cent more than the rate payable on its mortgage bonds, a large part of which will perhaps be floated in the American market.

The attempts of Portugal to secure a loan through the good offices of the League of Nations are the fruits of pure necessity. Many months ago the Portuguese Government tried to negotiate a 50-million-dollar loan from private financial groups, but the money was not forthcoming because the guaranties offered were not considered adequate. The Government in its turn took a firm stand, but it finally had to give in — figuring, no doubt, that the League of Nations may be more merci-

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ful than private individuals. The country might, of course, have sought the direct assistance of England, but in all likelihood decided that increased British influence would mean a real encroachment upon national independence. By putting her case before the League, Portugal frees herself from the oft-repeated charge that she is nothing more or less than a British Continental colony. A feature article in *European Finance* prophesies, however, that Great Britain will be only too glad to offer any assistance that the League may permit, and that she 'will not willingly relinquish the dominant influence she has so long enjoyed.'

Japanese foreign trade for January showed some improvement over last year. There was, to be sure, an excess of imports amounting to nearly 45 million yen, but this represents a drop of over six million yen from the unfavorable balance of last year. Cotton textiles and yarns have been exported in smaller quantities, and more wool has come into the country than did last year.

The following dispatch from the *Economist's* correspondent in Buenos Aires prophesies an excellent year for the Argentine: —

Argentina's final trade figures for the year 1927 constitute a record. Imports for the twelve months are $856,610,000 gold, plus $86,550,263 specie. Exports are $1,008,179,000 gold, and the total imports and exports, taking estimated real values and excluding specie, are $1,864,789,762 gold, against $1,614,675,019 gold for the year 1926. The balance of trade in favor of Argentina for 1927 is $151,568,566 gold, as against the 1926 unfavorable balance of $30,317,975 gold. Such a position, coupled with the certainty that the 1927–28 crops are safe and unusually large, warrants the statement that Argentina's receipts during the current year will be heavy — in all probability greater than has ever been known in the history of the country.

THE RIGHT MOMENT

'Listen, dear, now that we're in well with Mussolini, how about going to Italy on our honeymoon?' — *Progrès Civique*, Paris

TWO DOWN-AND-OUTERS

'What's the news in the paper?'
'It seems there's a new fifty-franc note.'
— *Ère Nouvelle*, Paris

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A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

LEADER PAGE TOPICS

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES[1]

In spite of their studied posture of nonchalance, His Majesty's present Government in Great Britain, in their heart of hearts, can hardly look back with complacency upon their conduct of our relations with the United States during the past year. They seem to have failed inexplicably to inform themselves in time about the political forces and feelings on the other side of the Atlantic, and now when, too late in the day, the facts have forced themselves upon their attention owing to the breakdown of the Naval Conference, they have tardily responded by making so brusque and awkward a change of front as to lay themselves open to the suspicion of insincerity. For our part, we are more inclined to believe that when they now say that they do not mind how big a navy the United States builds they may be interpreting British public opinion correctly. But in that case the British public is entitled to ask the Government: 'Why, then, when President Coolidge originally proposed the Conference, did you not tell him at the time that any agreement for the limitation of the American navy was really superfluous as far as Great Britain was concerned? Or, at least, when the Conference did meet, why did you allow it to break down over the difference between the conceptions of parity which were held by the respective technical experts on the two delegations? Why did you not agree to the very substantial measure of limitation which the United States was then prepared to accept, and simply put on record the reasons why, on the British basis of computation, the ratio which the Americans regarded as a parity worked out at a moderate disparity in America's favor?' It would seem as though the British Government either had not thought out its policy before the breakdown of the Conference overtook it, or else had veered round, with an almost irresponsible levity, from intransigence to yieldingness — and this after persisting long enough in the policy of intransigence for this policy to do all the mischief that it could.

This ineffectiveness of British policy toward the United States is the less excusable inasmuch as it is obvious, even to casual observers of international affairs, that the American people now stands at a parting of the ways between two alternative policies, one of which is a policy of 'imperialism,' and that there are two powerful factors which incline the feet of the American people in this latter direction.

One of these factors is, of course, the fact that the American people has not had the same overwhelming experience as the European peoples have had of the terrible meaning of modern war. We hasten to add that we European peoples seem to have been singularly dull of understanding in this matter, notwithstanding all that we have been through; but for the American people

[1] From the *Economist* (London financial and commercial weekly), *February* 11

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the chief experiences of the war were a not too long-drawn-out ordeal, accompanied by a dazzling increase in national wealth and power, and therefore the American people cannot be expected to contemplate the prospect of future war with prohibitive horror.

The second factor which works in favor of 'imperialism' in the United States is a certain impetuosity and recklessness in dealing with other nations. A good illustration of this is the manner in which the Japanese exclusion clause was inserted in the Immigration Restriction Act of 1924; and this temper is the natural consequence of having had no really dangerous relations with foreign Powers of equal calibre for a century and a half. It is no exaggeration to say that since the French and British lost the Empire of North America, in rapid succession, during the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the Americans have been 'up against,' not other nations, but inanimate Nature. For a century and a half they deliberately turned their backs on international affairs in order to conquer a continent by impetuous methods. To-day that phase of American history is over. The American continent has been effectively broken in, and the American people, after a long interval, find themselves once more 'up against,' not Nature, but other nations. But the impetuosity which swept away primeval forests and bound a continent in bands of iron remains, and it is in this temper that the United States is resuming her part in international affairs, not now as a struggling group of colonies, but as the greatest Power in the world. There is an obvious element of danger in the situation.

The particular point on which this American impetuosity is of vital concern to Great Britain is the question of belligerent and neutral rights at sea. On the American side it has been made perfectly clear — and it is no use our trying to shut our eyes to this — that if Great Britain were again to find herself at war with some third party and were to attempt to carry on the war at sea by those methods of dealing with neutral shipping and neutral goods which she employed in waging war against Germany from 1914 to 1918, in that case the United States would resist such interference with her commerce by every means in her power. On the other side it is no less clear that, under both the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Pact of Locarno, Great Britain might find herself under the obligation of assisting some co-signatory of one or other of these instruments against attack from some third party by employing the naval weapon against that third party to the full extent to which it may be employed according to the British reading of international law, whatever that reading might be at the time. In these circumstances we might find ourselves at any moment on the brink of war with the United States, and so clear is this unpleasant fact that in the light of American impetuosity it is sheer nonsense to talk about war between Great Britain and the United States as being 'unthinkable' so long as such circumstances could conceivably arise. Here is an Anglo-American problem quite distinct from that of naval ratios, a problem which would still remain to be solved even if the parity problem had been settled, and which can still be thrashed out in a friendly way between the two countries even while the parity problem is temporarily shelved.

Can we not arrive at some anticipatory agreement regarding the potential circumstances in which this danger to peace at present lurks? Surely an opening is offered to His Majesty's Government by the fact — revealed this week

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for the first time in the King's Speech — that a draft of a new-model bilateral arbitration treaty, to replace the treaty of 1908, which runs out on April 4, was submitted to His Majesty's Government by Mr. Kellogg, at the end of last December — that is, at the time when he submitted to M. Briand the draft of that new Franco-American arbitration treaty which was signed at Washington last Monday, February 6. An opening is offered owing to the fact that Mr. Kellogg took the opportunity of submitting the draft of the Franco-American treaty in order to propose to M. Briand the negotiation of a multilateral treaty between all the Great Powers 'renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.' Since Great Britain was one of the hypothetical parties to such a treaty as Mr. Kellogg envisaged, there seems no reason why the British Government, in entering into negotiations for the replacement of the bilateral Anglo-American treaty of arbitration, should not at the same time propose to take up with Mr. Kellogg the consideration of his broader project.

To our mind 'the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy' is a promising formula — more promising than that of 'aggressive war,' with its now notorious difficulty of definition. The waging of war 'as an instrument of national policy' can hardly now conceivably be in our own national interest, and it would certainly not be reconcilable with our national conscience. *A fortiori*, if we did perpetrate such a war with some third party, we should certainly not have the hardihood to risk bringing the United States in against us over the interpretation of maritime law. The truth is that it is not the question of 'private war' which is troubling us. What troubles us is that this risk of a clash with the United States may be incurred through some war entered upon by us, not as 'an instrument of national policy,' but as an obligation under some international commitment which we have made in the public interest of international order and international security. Can we not come to an understanding with the United States in regard to rights at sea in wars waged as sanctions of international order? After all, the problem is reciprocal, for in the New World, as in the old, the present international system ultimately rests upon the sanction of force. In the New World, where there is only one supremely Great Power, that sanction is exercised by the United States at her own discretion in the name of the unilateral 'Monroe Doctrine.' In Europe, where there are several moderately great Powers, and where the growing belief in the moral equality of states is giving the intermediate states and the smaller states a constantly larger voice in international affairs, the sanction of force is exercised jointly in the name of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Yet, under different institutional forms, the fundamental basis of the international order in both the New World and the Old World is the same. In both the ultimate sanction is the use of force, not 'as an instrument of national policy,' but in the international public interest along recognized lines. Pending the elimination of force as a sanction, can we not at least agree not to stand in one another's way in maintaining international law and order, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the application of those ultimate sanctions which both the Covenant and the Monroe Doctrine presuppose?

AFRICA'S GROWING PAINS [2]

THERE is no other continent whose future is so difficult to foretell as

[2] By Colin Ross, in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *January* 26

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Africa's. Even the chaos of the Chinese Revolution convinces one that a strong Chinese nation is in the making. Similar tendencies can be discerned in India and the Mohammedan countries, to say nothing of Europe and America. In Africa, however, the elements that go to make up a continent's morphology are in a state of flux.

In the first place, it is impossible to estimate the cultural capabilities of the various negro peoples and to discover how readily they can be shaped into modern states. We know too little about Africa's inner history to be able to prognosticate the future. We are also too strongly prejudiced one way or the other regarding the negro's lack of intelligence, his laziness, and his inability to develop along cultured and civilized lines. We cannot get a clear view of things, and either accept the commonplace antinegro prejudice, or go too far the other way and overestimate the negro's capabilities.

Our uncertainty is further increased by recent changes in the natives' living conditions and by hygienic reforms introduced by European colonists in their fight against tropical disease. No other continent has suffered for so many centuries from such maladies as have crippled the physical energy and spiritual strength of Africa. It now seems probable that medicine will be able to deal with sleeping sickness, — to mention only the most serious of the African diseases, — as it has with malaria, but we have yet to discover what capabilities a black man will develop who has not been infected from birth. The American negro, living under favorable hygienic conditions, leads us to suppose that if the African black man is cured of his diseases he will be capable of greater energy and activity.

Discounting entirely these future possibilities, I return from my last journey there with a very high opinion of the intelligence of the natives, and do not share the usual conviction that they are an inferior race incapable of developing a culture and government of their own. The achievements of the negroes on the West Coast and in Uganda support this view, and the negroes in South Africa would be capable of just as much if the color line were lifted.

How far such a development of the blacks in Africa would aid European interests is an entirely different question. Only rarely do the whites allow the matter to be discussed at all, and they refuse to think it out to its ultimate conclusions. Even an American discussing the negro question dodges the issue with a number of phrases, saying that the black citizen should be educated and brought on a cultural level with the whites, and so on. The real difficulty, however, begins when this programme is carried out, for beyond that point everyone refuses to think at all. It is ostrich politics, pure and simple.

The native question in Africa is treated in exactly this way. People talk about the white man's burden and the responsibility of the whites to educate the natives in self-government, but no one says anything about what will happen when the natives are educated. Only a very few people seem willing to understand that when all the blacks are educated and developed the white man's rule in Africa will come to an end.

But such an end would be by no means as simple a matter as many Europeans seem to imagine. A million and a half white people have been living in South Africa for centuries. They are deeply rooted in the African soil, and would fight to the last ditch against submitting to a black majority. The same conditions are developing in the highlands of East Africa, where it is

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also a serious question how European economic life would be affected by such changes.

The fundamental difficulty of the African problem is that it differs in different parts of the continent. The interests of the traders and landowners are diametrically opposed. The landowners are determined to keep the blacks on the lowest possible level, — that is, on the cheapest possible level, — in order to secure as inexpensive labor as possible. The traders, on the other hand, want the native population to be prosperous and to provide a rich market. The black man will never grow rich working on a farm. Uganda would never have been the best market for the English bicycle industry if the English had not introduced the cotton industry and given the natives a chance to make money. As a result the white farmers have lost out in Uganda. They have steadily opposed the negroes' increasing prosperity, and have thrown all their weight against native self-government and independence.

Working capital invested in Africa, which is chiefly mining capital, takes two different stands. The labor question is of course an important one in the mines, which can naturally pay higher wages than the farmers. The mining companies too are keenly interested in preserving the tremendous difference in pay between black and white labor, though they are also eager to educate the natives and raise their intellectual level. A black machinist does as much work as a white one, and only costs one fifth as much. For this reason the Katanga mines have started a school for black skilled labor only, and on the same ground the South African mines are trying to raise the color line that blocks the negro.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that every European nation, and indeed every colonial government, treats the negro differently, while at the same time the development of communications and the increased comings and goings of the mining workers make them aware of the varied possibilities in different parts of Africa. In our day no people whose national consciousness has been aroused and whose desire for freedom has been developed will allow itself to be oppressed indefinitely. The fact that England, in spite of her enormous strength, could not suppress Ireland has provided a significant example to others, and there is no doubt that Eastern Asia and India will eventually win through in their fight for freedom.

In Africa, however, the situation is quite different. The natives say nothing about fighting for freedom, or even about a consciousness of freedom, and the idea of self-determination and the catchword 'Africa for Africans' have been introduced from outside. To be sure, the blacks generally hate the whites, although there are innumerable instances of native servants being faithful to their white masters. In most cases, however, the negroes accept the lordship of the whites as an unalterable fact, just like the former rule of the Arabs or the tyranny of a neighboring despot's regiment. The history of South Africa proves that a small group of white men can retain for centuries their power over a race of blacks that includes many brave and warlike elements.

A definite policy that gives only a limited number of natives a European education and does not let them get into more than moderately easy circumstances can presumably postpone the 'awakening of the Sphinx' for another century. Such a policy does not imply slavery or forced labor. With tactful respect for the customs, usages, traditions, and peculiarities of the various native tribes, such a policy will

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promote good living conditions much more satisfactorily than an enforced civilizing and industrializing process.

This gradual development should make the so-called Dark Continent a rich field for capital investment. Nevertheless, Europe would do well not to saddle herself with African problems while that continent is still in the process of consolidation and while the big economic and political rivalries with America and Asia still exist.

AWAKENING INDIA[3]

THE English press has vainly tried to avoid discussing the significance of recent events in India. Although the English censor still prevents our getting a clear picture of what is going on, it is at least clear that anti-imperialist strikes and demonstrations are taking place in all parts of the country. The first clear evidences of a growing national revolutionary movement date back to 1921. The big cities of India are now in a state of siege. English armored automobiles circulate through the streets, and English police fire at parading demonstrators who have here and there embarked upon a barricaded warfare with the armed powers of English imperialism.

The cause of this movement is the arrival of the English Royal Commission whose appointment was promised in 1919 and whose present duty is to investigate how much the Indian people are fitted for further self-government within the British Empire. No Indians are represented on the Commission, which in point of fact merely symbolizes the common imperialist front of all English parties against the Indian people. At the head of the Commission stands Sir John Simon, a Liberal M. P. and therefore a member of the Opposition. The Commission also includes Mr. Walsh, the Minister of War in MacDonald's Cabinet, and Major Attlee, an undersecretary in the War Department of the same cabinet. Both these men represent the forces of English social imperialism.

The December session of the Indian National Congress in Madras made it clear that the arrival of this Commission would arouse widespread opposition. The National Congress, which includes all elements of the Indian National movement, from the most reactionary of the big Indian capitalists to the most radical members of the Workers' and Peasants' Party, adopted a resolution of decidedly Left Wing tendencies. For the first time in its history the National Congress officially demanded the complete independence of India — a programme that Gandhi had refused two years ago.

The capitalist wing and the central Swaraj Party adopted this radical programme with a view to the agitations among the masses and petty bourgeoisie that would follow. They believed that this programme, together with the boycott of the Royal Commission, would help force English imperialism to grant an advantageous compromise. It is significant that Motilal Nehru, the famous leader of the bourgeois Swarajists, advocated among other things a union between the National Congress and the 'League against Imperialism.' Two weeks before the Madras Congress the League wanted to come out in favor of complete separation of India from the British Empire, but at that time Mr. Nehru limited this demand sharply.

Recent events in India already show that the movement has exceeded the bounds that had been set about it, and to which the middle-class Nationalist leaders wished it confined. The passive boycott has become an active fight

[3] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *February 7*

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consisting of demonstrations, strikes, and street riots. The leaders of this agitation include the organized laborers and the radical petty bourgeois wing of the Nationalist movement — students, intellectuals, small merchants, and workers. The opening days of this struggle show that the national revolutionary movement in India has ripened, and a distinct difference can be discerned between the radical element of industrial workers, peasants, and poor city people and the upper-middle-class Nationalists in the Right Wing and Centre, who are inclined to compromise with English imperialism.

The English Communist Party of India plays a significant part in the left wing of the national revolutionary movement. It is endeavoring to explain to the petty bourgeois elements of the Nationalist movement that any compromise with England will play into the hands of the big Indian capitalists, and can only bring the movement for Indian independence, and likewise the salvation of the masses, to defeat. The Communists endeavor to identify as closely as possible the Nationalist and social questions, and try to show the futility of any programme that does not depend on a movement of the masses and that is not supported by the will of the workers.

The big Indian capitalists and the moderate Nationalists believe that the next step should be a mixed Anglo-Indian Commission, in which the so-called Indian Parliament should be represented. This commission, they believe, should frame a constitution giving India the status of an independent dominion in the British Empire. But the Workers' and Peasants' Party has turned the plan down. And quite rightly, for the present Indian Parliament, chosen by two per cent of the population of India, is exclusively confined to the property-holding class and represents the big Indian capitalists, not the Indian people. Its coöperation with an English commission would result in a compromise between the ruling classes of England and India at the expense of the Indian masses.

The Workers' and Peasants' Party and the Communists demand the election of a real Indian National Assembly, chosen by universal suffrage. The chief demand of the National Revolutionary Party is the creation of a completely independent Indian republic, the nationalizing of the land, the abolition of the tax on peasants, the establishment of a minimum wage and of the eight-hour day, complete freedom of press and freedom of assembly, the right to strike, and the right of the Indian population to possess arms.

The Indian people are now living under the dictatorship of English imperialism, which has been further intensified by the so-called Bengal ordinances of the MacDonald Government. The demonstrations in Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta instinctively and rightly attacked, not only the Conservative Government, but His English Majesty's Liberal and Labor Opposition as well. We hail the revolutionary movement of Indian workers and students as a guaranty that the Indian middle class will no longer succeed in disorganizing the ranks of the revolutionary Nationalists.

STALIN EXPLAINED[4]

'If Marxian doctrine denies the influence of personality on the historical process,' I asked a member of the Opposition during the last Party Congress, 'why does the Opposition Party concentrate on the person of Stalin in its fight against the majority?'

[4] By a Moscow correspondent, from *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna national Liberal daily), *February* 19

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'It is indeed true that we do not believe in the influence of personality on the general development of history, but at certain historical epochs a single man can influence events.'

That was the answer. According to the Opposition, the present situation of Russia is such that Stalin's personality may be capable of wielding an almost decisive influence. Whether Trotskii and his supporters are right in this opinion, we cannot know to-day. Russia's political battle has been fought for so many years in so narrow a space and among such a relatively small group of men that the combatants have no feeling for the width and breadth of the nation or for its many capacities. They lose sight of the unknown, subterranean forces not visible on the political surface of things, but capable of influencing the course of history.

If the political leaders produce some original thought or utter some slogan or declaration of purpose, their words traverse the whole apparatus of State from top to bottom, but they are twisted here, weakened there, and strengthened in another place, according to local conditions. The whole Bolshevist Party overestimates the power of these catchwords and ideas. Trotskii and his supporters are particularly inclined to overestimate the historical importance of their personalities, and in doing so they find it easy enough to overestimate the importance of their opponents. Meanwhile the rest of the world follows their false conception. Stalin, in point of fact, is merely the leading political figure in the Soviet Union. He is in no sense a dictator, for the nine members of the Politbureau are the real dictators.

Stalin keeps his personality in the background, and it is difficult to estimate his importance in Soviet politics at the present time. He lives in a narrowly confined circle. His doors are always open to foreign Communists or delegates of workers, yet no foreign ambassador has spoken to him. People say that even his most intimate collaborators have never really been able to understand him, for he is reserved and chary of words. There is also a legend that he is hard as steel, and his *nom de guerre*, Stalin, has become a symbol of his tough inner strength. People say that when he was elected General Secretary of the Party after Lenin's death, and likewise administrator of the Party, he at first refused the office, believing his bad manners would lead to trouble sooner or later.

Some writer has dubbed him 'the man who never bows,' but it is hard to say whether this man or anyone else is right in what he says about Stalin. In any case, it appears that Stalin's nature combines Caucasian stubbornness with Oriental flexibility. His appearance supports the legend of the man of steel. At big meetings Stalin almost always sits somewhere in the background, generally in the second row behind the president's table. He converses in a low voice with his neighbors, and when he steps on the speaker's tribune he goes in for no theatrical pathos or dramatic conceits, as many of his comrades do. Nevertheless, the simple speech and simple gestures of this self-conscious son of the Caucasian mountains make a strong impression. His unvarying naïveté, which seems to contradict the legend that has been woven about him, crops out now and then in his writings.

Stalin is a Georgian, and his real name is Josef Chugashvili. He is typical of his nation. He is a tall man, and always wears a simple khaki jacket or a plain military coat and high top boots. He has a prominent Oriental nose, and alert Oriental eyes. His moustache is naturally heavy, and he is one of the few Bolshevist leaders who do not go in for the well-known Lenin goatee.

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His long face is further lengthened by his black hair, brushed back in a pompadour. He speaks a peculiar Russian dialect with the usual Oriental mistakes and a typical Caucasian accent.

Stalin is not a popular man; and even his supporters admit his crudeness. Good fellowship is the only human quality with which they credit him. But popularity is no great source of strength in Russia to-day. Trotskii wanted to be popular, and he was. Zinoviev always strove for popularity, but never attained it. Stalin seems indifferent to it, and makes no attempt to capture it.

In that country and in that Party where the supreme ideal is to lose one's personality and develop collective power, these qualities of Stalin's are an asset, since they prevent him from being suspected of advancing his own personality at the expense of the common weal. He will never awake the mistrust of the majority. Stalin seems to have conquered all vanity, or at least to have suppressed it so completely that it is invisible. Although Russians adore people's pictures, his own likeness is much less frequently seen than the likenesses of many of the other leaders. He seldom speaks in public, and rarely writes for the newspapers, and his writings give no real conception of the inner man.

Formerly a student at a seminary, and later a worker and revolutionist, he uses the pen much less skillfully than his opponents Trotskii, Zinoviev, and Radek. His writings are brief, but, in spite of their lack of rhetorical beauty and style, they seem to have been worked over more thoroughly and profoundly than any others. He does not delve into the depths of theoretical knowledge, but all his work is shot through with the clear red light of his political convictions. His writings stick to the surface of things, yet they are clearer than many others. Stalin's study of Leninism contains no remarkable disclosures, but emphasizes the tactical and strategic aspects of Lenin's revolutionary period. Stalin's carefully wrought work often contains profound knowledge, but it lacks any of the attributes of beauty, and only its precision is convincing.

After his victory over the Opposition Stalin became more than ever the concentrated centre of the Party, and it seemed that the most dominating and intelligent men in the Party desired firm leadership above all else. People outside of Russia generally suppose that the purpose of Bolshevism is to win over the whole world, but the Party are anxious on this score. Their struggle is growing increasingly difficult, and has now become much harder than it was in the days when Bolshevism presented a hostile front to the world. The enemy has penetrated within the gates, and the driving economic forces are becoming harder and harder to confine to definite channels. Lenin's heritage must be put in safe keeping. Any compromise, any original thought, might prove irreconcilable with basic Party beliefs, and the course of the Party might be altered or its purpose thwarted.

Soviet Russia now looks with terror upon any new political thought. It is afraid of mad geniuses. Under these circumstances, the hidebound, unbending personality of Stalin, who lacks any creative political faculties, but can defend an old idea with strength and energy, seems essential to modern Russia. The world need look for no sensations from Stalin, no stirring speeches or strokes of political genius, but within definite ideological limits the Party, attacked as it is by invisible internal dissensions, feels that both itself and the nation are safe in those strong hands, although their grasp is narrow.

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That accounts for Stalin's victory within the Party. That explains how Stalin, the Georgian, became the defender of a national policy that is chiefly concerned with the utterly unoriental peasants of Ryazan and Kostroma. The Party seems afraid of close association with politicians who go in for 'permanent changeability,' as Trotskii's 'permanent revolution' phrase has come to be understood, and Stalin has now become the defender of Lenin's ideas. The indirect fruits of the Opposition's original ideas are rather dangerous, for the Opposition can affect the life of the Soviets even in exile, and the governing politicians will continue to comport themselves with an eye to its activities.

THE LAST WHIG PASSES[5]

THE death of Lord Oxford has revealed an extent and depth of sympathy between him and the Conservatives which ten years ago would have been beyond belief. A speech like Mr. Baldwin's on Thursday last shows how thin the partitions between party names can sometimes be, and how independent the attractions and repulsions of personality are of party conflict. The occasion may be suitable for examining the inward logic of the quarrel between Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, apart from the details and the surface incidents to which perhaps an undue amount of attention has been given. One ventures on such an inquiry in the spirit, not of advocacy, but of interpretation and in the hope of understanding our politics a little better.

The quarrel between the two was to some extent personal. There was undoubtedly a clash of temperament, though Conservatives who worked with Mr. Lloyd George through perhaps the most dangerous years of our history should be careful not to make it one of moral good and evil, integrity and obliquity. The mental rather than the moral processes of the two men were different, and the contrast is the old one, familiar from schooldays, between the classical and the modern boy. On the classical side there is always a touch of intellectual snobbery, especially with those who make a success of its education; on the modern side there is mingled envy and resentment of this assumed superiority and a natural disposition to challenge it. Lord Oxford, broad-minded and tolerant man as he was, appreciated best those who brought to politics the sort of gifts that are best developed by classical studies. The feeling had nothing whatever to do with birth or wealth, but there is an aristocracy of intellect and education which all unconsciously can be as exclusive and unsympathetic to those who are outside it as any other sort of aristocracy or even plutocracy. And naturally an exclusive classicism of temperament hardens the modernism of the other type of recruit to politics, and provokes a challenge.

In this sense there was a personal antipathy between Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, as there was between Gladstone and Joseph Chamberlain. In no other sense was the quarrel personal, but this contrast in the educational approach to politics is a fact that has to be acknowledged. As a cause of cleavage it is likely to become even more common in the future, because the area of recruitment is becoming so much wider.

But in the case of Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George this division corresponded with a very old division in the internal economy of the Liberal Party. Almost from its first origins the Party has been a coalition between

[5] By 'Scrutator,' in the *Sunday Times* (London Independent Conservative weekly), *February* 19

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Whigs and Radicals. The Whig aristocracy is older than the Liberal Party, but already in the eighteenth century you have the contrasting political types of Wilkes and Burke, who fifty years ago might both have voted Liberal, but for all that were further apart in the same party than most Liberals from most Conservatives in different parties.

The same opposition follows us down through the century, and with the extension of political rights becomes more marked. The Conservatives were fortunate in that they had one man of supreme political genius, Disraeli, who converted the Tory Party based on the land into the modern industrial Conservative Party. Liberals had no such miracle-worker.

The Radicals in the Party became dominant in numbers, but the old Whig aristocracy and those who attached themselves to its intellectual and social set clung to their ascendancy far more tenaciously than did the old squirearchy in the Conservative Party. It was the commonplace of nineteenth-century politics that the Radicals won all the elections in order that the Whigs might take all the offices. We cannot get away from the eternal conflict between Right and Left that was always going on in the Liberal Party. Hartington and Gladstone; Gladstone and Labouchere; Cobden and the philosophic Radicals and the Melbournes and Russells; then, later, Rosebery on the one hand, Harcourt on the other; each with his successors to carry on the quarrel.

The Home Rule issue detached both Whigs and Radicals from the Liberal Party, but the internal struggle still went on. It was exceedingly bitter during the South African War, and it was patched up but not healed by the Free Trade issue. It broke out again with increased violence after the great Liberal victory of 1906, and then with the issue between the two wings so undecided came the war. Mr. Lloyd George was the natural successor on the Radical side of the vendetta. Lord Oxford, Lord Haldane, and Lord Grey, advanced as their views were on many subjects, were still Whigs in sympathy and temperament. Campbell-Bannerman was the last of the Liberal prime ministers to span the whole deep valley between Whigs and Radicals, and before he was Prime Minister he was far too Radical for the Liberal Leaguers, who were engaged in constant intrigue against him.

The quarrel between Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George did not begin in 1916, nor was it mainly personal. It goes back to the South African War, it finds an echo in the relations between Gladstone on the one hand, Labouchere and Chamberlain on the other, between Cobden, Bright, and Palmerston, and is heard away back in the first origins of Liberalism. It was the accident of war that made Mr. Lloyd George the leader of a coalition with the Conservatives, and the natural Whig and Conservative Lord Oxford the representative of Liberal orthodoxy. As the Free Trade issue brought the dissident and critical Liberal Leaguer back to office under Campbell-Bannerman, so the Georgian coalition made the last as well as the first leader of the Liberal Party a Whig. Lord Oxford was the last of the Whigs.

The goodwill of the Liberal name is still valuable in our politics, but the Liberal Party has definitely disappeared. The combination of Whigs and Radicals which made the Liberal Party is no more; the Whigs are all or nearly all gone, and the remnant is a Radical Party pure and simple with Mr. Lloyd George as its head, and, indeed, proprietor. The tributes to Lord Oxford last week were personal in their inspiration, rather than political; but in their political significance, as we shall recognize later, they were a lament over the final severance of a venerable polit-

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ical tradition from the Liberal Party. Lord Oxford was the last of the Whigs; Mr. Lloyd George is the first Radical in undisputed and sole leadership.

These intestine discords have reduced the Liberal Party to a shadow of its old strength, and have made the fortunes of the Labor Party. If Mr. Lloyd George had returned to the Liberal Party earlier, and not waited until the Conservatives expelled him from their alliance, conditions might have been different; it is even conceivable, if the old quarrel between Whigs and Radicals had been fought to a finish earlier, if the Radicals had ousted the Whigs, and these had retired to their natural alliance with the Conservative Party like the old Liberal Unionists, that there might never have been a Labor Party at all. The Conservatives, instead of facing two parties, would have had only one opposing party, a Liberal or Radical Party, including all the elements that for a generation have been draining away to Labor, while they themselves would have been fortified by the accession of the Whigs and the elements of the classical tradition in the Liberal Party.

It was not to be. The instinct of the centuries-old conflict between Whigs and Tories carried the opposition between them far beyond the point of time at which it had ceased to have any meaning. And, indeed, it is a curious fact that combination between Conservatives and Radicals has always been easier than between Whigs and Conservatives. Perhaps the Radical mind is in its nature coalitionist, or it would never have submitted so long to the domination of the Whigs, fortified as these were by native ability and the traditions of aristocratic rule. But certain it is that the most valuable recruits to the Conservative Party at the time of the Home Rule split were not the Whigs like Hartington, but Radicals like Chamberlain. And it was to the Radical Lloyd George that Conservatives turned for an ally and a leader in the supreme crisis of the country's history.

In the warmth of the Conservative tribute to Lord Oxford there was no recantation indeed of past denunciation, but a note of rebellion against the way in which party nomenclature cuts across personal affinities and natural loyalties; and perhaps that explains the undoubted depth and sincerity of Mr. Baldwin's emotion. Politics are at best a clumsy instrument of national well-being, and democratic politics are clumsiest and most brutal of all. But we have no other, and must make the best of the instrument that lies to our hand.

AMERICAN UNEMPLOYMENT [6]

THE shadow of a partial eclipse is creeping over the sun of American prosperity. The Public Astronomer has been taken off his guard; his telescope is not yet pointed to this region of the heavens. In plain, prosaic words, a crisis of unemployment has begun, which as yet the rulers of this Republic — if, indeed, it is ruled — have not deigned to notice. In no department of life is its singular neglect of political action so staggering. Not only is there no regular mechanism, either in the Union or in the States, for combating or alleviating unemployment; there is not even a mechanism which can measure it. There is no insurance system; there is no Labor Exchange. In no country is the art of the statistician so highly developed. He teems in the banks, the universities, the innumerable academic or social foundations. He will tell you to the last decimal point how many yards or tons of every

[6] By H. N. Brailsford, in the *New Leader* (London Labor Party weekly), *February* 24

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conceivable commodity the factories have produced, the railroads have carried, and the public has bought. But he does not know the number of the unemployed.

At last, however, the unofficial experts are beginning to publish guesses which take one's breath away. It is, indeed, evident to the naked eye that something is gravely wrong. The 'bread lines,' by which Americans mean the queues of the destitute who wait outside the doors of the soup kitchens and the offices of charitable societies, are lengthening out, until here and there they block the streets at certain hours and incommode the traffic. The Charity Organization Society — for charity is the only resource for the stricken — is publishing its appeals. Here in New York it declares it has had no such demand upon it for eleven years. It spent more in December last than in any previous December in its history. It is already heavily in debt. The Mayor has called a conference which meets to-day, and Governor 'Al' Smith — who hopes to be a presidential candidate — has called for a prompt investigation. But with it all, one notes hardly a beginning of public interest. Such news as even the more serious papers print is brief, bald, and inconspicuous, and for it one must search in the remoter pages of the huge unbound encyclopædias which in this country serve as daily newspapers. No one is seriously concerned. The tiny handful of Communists is active, but organized Labor has as yet made no sign of life. This nation is convinced that it is prosperous, and its rulers — if it has rulers — will not undeceive it with an election in the near future. But the strangest part of the whole phenomenon is that, in spite of ghastly unemployment, there is still a measure of truth in the legend of prosperity.

The most careful attempt to guess at the extent of the unemployment was published this week by an unofficial institution known as the Labor Bureau. It started from the known figures of the decline in employment in certain industries, and then guessed at the figures in the rest, while deducting — again by guesswork — an estimate for those who may have quitted factories to find work in such thriving careers as the promotion of installment buying by house-to-house canvassing, or in the service of everyman's motor car. The result can only be a guess, but I believe it is a conservative guess; I have heard able economists arguing for a much higher figure. The chances are that, at this moment, there are at least four million unemployed in this prosperous republic. That means ten per cent of the occupied population — a high figure for a contented nation to carry. It is, relatively to population, at least the equivalent of our own figure.

What is the explanation? The odd thing about it is that some of the usual signs of depressed trade are absent. There has been no 'slump' in prices. 'The volume of business,' declares the National City Bank, is 'distinctly above the average.' The index of prices compiled by the Federal Reserve Board, which seems to include the last perfections of statistical ingenuity, shows over a long period an almost uncanny stability. From the beginning of 1925 onward, month by month, this index of the general price level — as compared with 1913 — has never fallen below 168, nor risen above 173. It has been all but absolutely steady round the figure 170. One might not be surprised, under these conditions, if special circumstances were to produce severe unemployment in some group of trades, but ought not a steady general level of prices to mean a fairly steady general level of employment? Evidently it does not.

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The explanation is, I think, evident when one turns to the available statistics, which in their way are highly instructive. They have been analyzed by a skilled economist, Professor S. H. Schlichter, in the *New Republic*, the one paper which has persistently and ably sought to rivet attention on this crisis. The statistics enable us, over a wide range of manufacturing industries, to measure both production and employment. The significant fact is that, while output has increased, employment has declined.

The figure 100 means the average of factory output and factory employment in the period 1923–1925.

During the first ten months of 1927 the index of factory output rose to 107.

In the same period the index of factory employment fell to 95.

In other words, with 5 per cent fewer employees, the factories turned out 7 per cent more goods.

It is not difficult to read the meaning of these figures. There has been no slump. But the American process of ever-increasing mechanical efficiency is taking its course. The restless substitution of mechanical processes for human labor is on the march. I met the other day an able man whose task it is to supervise as 'receiver' the reorganization of factories which do not pay their way. He described the 'sacking' of the skilled men, the careful picking of a few expert 'key' men, and the engagement of unskilled girls to mind the new automatic machines. One punches a few holes in a card, and the automaton does the rest. It is this process which is revealed in these figures.

'But surely,' the reader may object, 'we had understood that the Federal Reserve Board had worked out a highly scientific technique of stabilization. Does it not study the statistics of output, and expand or control credit to keep pace with them?' I gather from some inquiries that we in England have gravely overestimated the scientific work of this banking organization. It does not officially profess to stabilize anything. It is, I am told, simply divided, and consequently lamed for effective action. If one presses for an answer which would describe its policy one is told that at most it aims at 'stabilizing business,' a conveniently vague expression. Up to last week it had kept the price of credit low, with a bank rate of 3½ per cent, and the volume of credit was expanding, while prices remained stable. That looks like health. To keep pace with this steadily expanding volume of output, the volume of credit and purchasing power should have expanded also. Apparently it did. Then, one asks, why was it that this expanding credit failed to do its work? Ought it not to have increased the demand for goods, so that, although fewer hands could turn out more goods, the increase in the total demand should have kept employment constant? That would be the ideal working of a truly social system of stabilization. But is this what bankers mean by stable 'business'? Evidently not. 'Business' is not the same thing as 'employment.'

What actually happened is fairly clear. The new credit was ample and cheap. But it did not go to purposes which would increase wages and make a mass demand for goods. It went to finance speculative dealings in stocks and real estate. Perceiving this, but impotent to prevent it by any subtler action, the Federal Reserve Board last week raised its bank rate to 4 per cent, and proceeded at the same time to curtail the volume of credit. In other words, at a moment of severe unemployment it has slightly deflated, and it has done this in order to check speculation. It may attain that end. It may

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stabilize 'business.' But, one supposes, the action must tend to make the crisis in employment slightly worse.

This object lesson is exceedingly interesting, and conveys its lesson to us. One does not gain one's end by extolling stabilization. Everything turns on the purpose which governs stabilization. If one aims at keeping the level of employment steady, it is obvious that one must be able to control, not merely the volume, but also the direction of credit. One must be able, to put it plainly, to divert it at need from speculation into channels which will provide wages. It would not be enough, if we aimed at the social use of credit, to nationalize the Bank of England. One must also control the joint stock banks. Only if they discriminate among the purposes which are to receive an expansion of credit can we make sure that fresh purchasing power will be created to keep pace with the progress of mechanical efficiency.

So, it seems, while the 'bread lines' lengthen out, and the Charity Organization Society doles out its stringent mercies, this ultramodern civilization is being victimized by its own progress. Day by day it can turn out more wealth. Day by day it does turn out more wealth. But it has not learned the secret of distributing it. There is perhaps an even simpler thing which it might do. It might shorten the hours of labor, in proportion as its output increases. But for that society lacks the wit, and labor itself the necessary organization. Into this crisis it is stumbling, even more blindly, even more helplessly, than any country of the impoverished Elder World.

BACK TO GOLD [1]

BY PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL

DURING 1927 the reconstruction of the gold standard as a common standard of value for the world made further progress. In Europe, Denmark has restored the old gold parity of its currency, and Norway has gone a long way toward the same result; Poland has by aid of a large international loan brought its zloty on to a gold basis, and the financial control introduced in this connection seems to afford a sufficient guaranty for the future stability of this new currency. Both France and Italy have raised the value of their currencies considerably above the average of 1926, but it has become more and more generally recognized that to go further in this direction would serve no useful purpose. On the contrary, further 'revaluation' might have a disastrous effect on the whole economic and financial system of the countries concerned. Italy, fortunately, has realized this, for in December last she finally stabilized her currency at about its actual existing gold value. As usual, the Bank of England gave its invaluable support to the project. Italy having taken this remarkable step, it will be very difficult for France to postpone

[1] From the *Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review, February 7*

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much longer the de jure stabilization of her currency. Leaders of French financial policy should free themselves from the futile illusion that the prestige of the country demands the raising of the value of the franc to a higher figure than the existing level.

Outside Europe the most prominent feature of the past year was the definite fixing of the Indian rupee at a gold value of 1*s.* 6*d.* By this step India finally connected its currency with the international standard and thus became a member of the great circle of nations directly interested in the stability of this standard. At the same time India made a most valuable contribution to this stability by abandoning the empty ambition of having a circulation of gold coins. Another interesting development of the year was the return of Argentina to the gold standard, the redemption of notes in gold having been resumed in August. For Brazil a big stabilization loan was negotiated, and this should be followed by an early return to gold payments.

Naturally the return to the gold standard has been accompanied by an increased monetary demand for the metal, and London, which still remains the central market for gold, has felt the effects of an increased scarcity of the metal. Production, so far as can be judged at present, increased somewhat in the preceding year, but is still very much below the level that is required to keep the rate of output in step with the world's general economic progress. The deficiency in the production of gold must be expected to make itself felt more and more acutely in future. Thus the need for a systematic economy in the world's use of gold for monetary purposes is bound to become more and more urgent.

A policy of general coöperation to prevent a pernicious rise in the value of the metal, however, opens up a new and wide perspective to monetary problems. Before the war gold was generally considered to be an independent standard of value, and a currency which was kept at a fixed parity with gold was regarded as having a value automatically determined by the value of gold. Nowadays stability of the purchasing power of the various currencies is regarded as the higher object of monetary policy, and the value of gold should be subordinated to this aim. A country which is a great factor in the world's gold market may, by deliberately regulating its demand for gold, exercise such an influence on the value of the metal that this adjusts itself, to a certain extent, to the value of the currency, whereas, according to previous notions, the opposite should be the case.

In pre-war times sterling was the most important gold currency, and probably the purchasing power given to the pound sterling by the banking policy of the Bank of England had a certain influence on the value of gold. Still, the main influence was in the opposite direction, and sterling had to be regulated so as to follow the great movements in the value of gold determined by the world's demand and supply of the metal. Since the war the situation has become very much altered. The United States has taken the position of the leading gold standard country of the world, and has increased the elasticity in the connection between currency and gold to a degree which has surpassed all previous experience. Consequently the way in which the monetary authorities of the United States regulate the value of the dollar has a commanding influence on the value of gold.

This is a fact of fundamental importance, and it must be thoroughly grasped by those who wish to form a

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true understanding of the present monetary situation. It is worth while to give it a close examination. The peculiar position of the United States with regard to the regulation of the value of gold is supported by two circumstances. First, the United States has accumulated a very great gold reserve, which is not actually used as a basis for the creation of credit. From this reserve it is able to supply almost any amount of gold that could in practice be asked for by the outside world. Secondly, the United States is rich enough to allow itself the luxury of storing any amount of gold that may be sent to it without allowing such fresh gold supplies to have any effect upon the volume of credit. Thus, gold exports need not cause a fall in the American price level, nor need gold imports bring about a rise of prices. In these circumstances the United States is in a position to exercise an independent control of the value of its currency, and the value of gold has simply to follow suit. The price level of the world is therefore virtually under the control of the Federal Reserve authorities.

It is important that this fact should be acknowledged as such before we enter upon any consideration of the merits or drawbacks of the situation. Some people seem to have been a little too hasty in denouncing the American authorities for what they regard as an injurious development. The United States has been charged with deliberately collecting an enormous stock of gold in order to acquire control of the metal. It has even been said that it has instituted a kind of gold valorization comparable to the Brazilian valorization of coffee. This, of course, is not the case. Gold accumulated in the United States, first, because ruined countries sent their gold to America as their last and only means of paying for commodities urgently needed. Secondly, a number of countries have found it advantageous to keep a gold balance in the United States as a guaranty for a reconstructed gold standard. The United States has no direct responsibility for the position that has arisen; and it is quite true, as has been pointed out in America, that the outside world could take back very considerable quantities of gold from the United States at any moment it chose to do so.

The United States, however, may with more reason be held responsible for its favorable balance of payments, which continually necessitates great imports of gold. The liberal credits which the United States has extended to the rest of the world have to a considerable extent been balanced by capital movements in the opposite direction, and the net capital export is insufficient to adjust the balance of payments. It may reasonably be held that this situation could be bettered by lowering the general level of interest rates in the United States. It may therefore be said that American banking authorities should regulate their discount rates so as to encourage such an export of capital as would make gold imports unnecessary. Although such a policy would doubtless bring advantages to America, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that an argument of that kind would naturally be viewed in America as representing mainly European or other outside interests.

The ultimate and only convincing proof of the correctness of American banking policy must clearly be sought in its effects upon the purchasing power of the dollar. Taking a summary view of the history of the dollar since 1922, we cannot but give the American authorities the highest credit for the very valuable service they have rendered in stabilizing the value of their own currency and thereby, indirectly,

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stabilizing the value of gold. This result has been won by treating the superfluous gold accumulations as a reserve to be kept for the purpose of meeting possible future demands, and not allowing it to provide a basis for additional credit which would have caused a rise in the general level of prices. Some critics of American policy do not seem to have appreciated its value to the world's economic development.

In making this general acknowledgment of American policy we should not, however, overlook the deviation from stability which has occurred lately. In fact, the American price level has for more than two years shown a downward trend. The Bureau of Labor index number of wholesale prices was depressed from 161 in February 1925 to 144 in April 1927. This reduction of 10 per cent is too serious to be neglected. No doubt it has had an adverse effect upon the economic development of the United States, and, although the country has been rich and progressive enough to triumph over its difficulties, it seems unquestionable that very important interests, mainly perhaps agriculture, would have been better served by a more complete stabilization of the dollar. This is, of course, still more true if account be taken of all the unnecessary difficulties which have been brought on other countries by the continual rise in the value of gold.

This well-founded criticism is sometimes met by the remark that the United States cannot be expected to inflate its currency in order to please the rest of the world! The remark is, of course, futile. No sensible person would ask for such a thing. What we demand from the American banking authorities is simply that they should carry on the stabilizing policy, which they have actually followed for some years, in a still more consistent and efficient way. The lowering of the discount rates of the Federal Reserve System which took place in August was a step in the right direction. This measure has already proved sufficient to check the fall of prices and even to raise the level of prices to something like the mean level for the last six years.

Obviously such a policy of price stabilization would be just as much in the interests of the United States as of the rest of the world. Countries which have accepted gold as a common standard inevitably share a common interest in the preservation of the stability of this standard. Coöperation between the gold standard countries for this purpose, including such redistribution of the gold reserves as may be necessary, should therefore be regarded as a natural and indeed self-evident thing. Clearly this coöperation must primarily take place between the Federal Reserve System and the Bank of England. It would be absolutely false to represent such coöperation as a sacrificing of American to British and European interests.

Evidently successful international coöperation for the stabilization of the gold standard would be very much hampered unless the central authorities of the Federal Reserve Board were given a free hand with power to use it. Certain tendencies in the direction of giving greater freedom to the regional banks have caused much discussion during the past year. In this case a purely internal American interest appears to be at stake, but American separatists should remember that, whatever may be the independence of the different states, they have a common monetary standard and are bound to use the same dollar. To maintain the value of the dollar is a task which only a central authority with full powers can discharge. It could not be done by a

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purely advisory body. If now and then critical remarks are made here in Europe on the monetary policy of the Federal Reserve Board, everybody in America should understand that enlightened European opinion is not seeking to interfere in American matters in any shape or form, but is merely desirous that the international reactions of American banking policy should be fully understood. If the cooperation between American and European banking authorities, which has already done particularly good work in the world, is allowed to develop along natural lines, there will be a good prospect of a successful accomplishment of the stabilization of the gold standard, which is of a paramount importance to the common welfare of the world.

MANCHURIA AND ITS PROBLEMS[1]

BY J. C. BALET

FEW countries in the world have been so grossly ignored for so long a time as Manchuria. This district, which the Chinese call the Three Eastern Provinces, forms an administrative whole and is ruled by a military governor, who used to have the rank of Imperial Viceroy. Since 1919 the Governor-General has been the celebrated Chang Tso-lin, who has so far exceeded his original mandate as to be trying to reëstablish the political unity of the Chinese Empire from Peking.

Europe first discovered the existence of Manchuria at the end of the nineteenth century, when it impelled Russia eastward toward a free maritime outlet that she had been denied either on the Black Sea or on the Baltic. Everyone knows that the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway at the beginning of the reign of Nicholas II gave the Russians the port they were seeking for in the form of Vladivostok, 'the Queen of the Orient,' but we have only recently realized that this long ribbon of steel traversed many miles of rich, deserted country.

The Trans-Siberian road also included several complementary lines running to more populous regions and toward warmer seas. With the consent of China, it cut Northern Manchuria in half, from Manchouli to Poltawskaja. But this was not enough. The Tsarist Government, which took a big view of things, — perhaps too big a view, — obtained the concession to build another railway from Harbin, halfway between Vladivostok and Manchouli, to Dalnyvostok, which the Japanese turned into the port of Dairen and made the largest Chinese port after Shanghai. This railway was the Trans-Manchurian.

Suppose that ambitious Russia, instead of preparing for economic and perhaps political domination of the entire Far East, including Northeastern Manchuria, Korea, and Northern China, had been content with the single outlet of Vladivostok and had merely constructed branch lines from Verkhne-Udinsk to Peking across Siberia, or

[1] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *February* 4

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even from Tsitsihar to Mukden, a line that has just been constructed by the Chinese. Japan would have kept quiet, the destructive war of 1904–1905 would not have occurred, and the face of the world would have been changed. Who can doubt it? But the error was committed because Russia overestimated her power and underestimated the power of her neighbors.

That is how Manchuria, yesterday the unknown country, entered world history and became famous. Port Arthur, Liaoyang, and Mukden are names that everyone knows to-day. Yet in spite of the fact that Manchuria has ever since remained one of the great routes of world traffic, it has been shrouded in comparative silence. Going back no further than the middle of the seventeenth century, we find Manchuria an integral part of the Chinese Empire. Indeed, the last Chinese dynasty originated in Manchuria, and dragged that district after it when it imposed its will on the rest of the country. Although the Chinese hated the newcomers, even after the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1912, the Republic officially perpetuated the existing condition of affairs, and the three provinces — Shengking (Mukden), Kirin, and Heilungkiang — remained imperial ground in the same way that the other nineteen provinces did, and continued harboring separatist tendencies similar to those that agitated Canton.

These tendencies came to a head in 1919 after the long civil wars that marked the growth of the so-called Republican régime, and the three provinces chose that moment to remove themselves from the Peking administration just as Canton had done.

The Treaty of Aigun in 1853 subjected Manchuria to amputation at the hands of the victorious Russians. In 1896 more Russian pressure obtained the passage of the Trans-Siberian Railway, together with the right to a strip of land twenty versts wide on either side of the track from the frontier station at Manchouli to the other frontier station at Poltawskaja in the east. In 1898 Harbin and Dalny suffered the same fate, and the last of these concessions was that of the Liaotung Peninsula in the Gulf of Pechili in 1899.

China being placed under a régime of capitulations, the Russians considered themselves absolute masters of the territories through which their railway passed, and a veritable army assured the inviolability of this land. After the Boxer Rebellion the situation grew more serious, and finally provoked the Russo-Japanese War.

When Russia was beaten by Japan on Chinese territory, it seemed only just that the privileges stolen from China by the Tsars should be automatically returned. Nothing of the sort happened. Japan recognized the sovereignty of China in Manchurian territory, but had every intention of inheriting Russia's privileges there. The Portsmouth Treaty of August 1905 gave her these privileges under the not too benevolent eye of America, which was already beginning to find Japan quite as dangerous as Russia, and disturbing in a different way.

Anyone can see how strange it is for two people to fight on the prostrate body of a helpless third, who ends by bearing all the expenses of the quarrel. Japan, furthermore, did its best to wrest from the Peking Government its indispensable consent to acquire *legitimate possession* of the Russian privileges. This occurred in 1905, after which time the Japanese position became legal from the point of view of international treaties.

At the Versailles Conference China presented to the assembled Powers a

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memorandum asking the annulment of the privileges that the Japanese had seized in Manchuria after the Russians' departure. It was easy for the Chinese to show what they had lost. The existing statute was derived from a simple economic concession made in 1896, which the Russians had abused, and which Japan had been abusing no less, although with infinitely more tact and intelligence than her predecessor. China also revived the issue — and here touched the United States profoundly — that exclusive exploitation of a Chinese province under the eye of Japanese troops denied the policy of the Open Door and equal opportunity to all comers.

This unassailable plea produced a strong impression, and it led to Japan's giving back Tsingtau and the Tsinan Railway after the Washington Conference. But no one dared to touch Manchuria, which remained a complete international anomaly. Let us, however, remark at once, in behalf of the Japanese, that if they are called upon to justify their occupation they have amazing achievements to their credit.

Of the total area of the three Manchurian provinces, which embrace 400,000 square miles, the Japanese only occupy 1440 square miles, 1344 of which are on the Liaotung Peninsula, the other 96 being land adjacent to their railways. And here is what the Japanese have accomplished. In 1906 only one million of the twenty million hectares of arable land were under cultivation. In 1927 eleven million were being cultivated. The annual harvest of the famous soya bean only amounted to 600,000 tons in 1906, and now it is nearly four million tons. The foreign trade of the three provinces amounted to 52 million taels in 1906, and to-day it is 540 million.

Four years ago cotton plantations were successfully inaugurated, and within a few years the Japanese fields alone should yield a million tons annually. Cotton spinning has also begun to prosper. The Mukden cotton mill has 20,400 spindles, the Cotton Spinning Company at Liaoyang has 30,000, the Naigai Cotton Spinning Company, at Dairen, has 24,000, and the Manchuria Cotton Spinning Company has 22,000. All these are now supplied with cotton from India or America, but this state of affairs will not last long.

Attempts at silk raising have already aroused high hopes in Kwantung, and two companies of modest size are developing the industry. Always keeping within their limited sphere, the Japanese have created model agricultural establishments where vegetables and fruit are raised. Domestic animals, an unheard-of possession formerly, are beginning to figure. In this narrow space of territory the Japanese already own 40,000 cattle, 7000 horses, 38,500 donkeys, 17,000 mules, 10,000 sheep or goats, and 105,000 pigs.

So much for the agricultural side. In industry the results are more impressive still. Within the narrow limits of the occupied zone enterprises of all kinds, apart from the railways, are valued at 930 million yen, with a nominal capitalization of 240 million and an estimated annual production of 152 million. This is twenty-four times as much as the 1908 figure. The principal industries include soya bean oil works, flour mills, breweries, match factories, glass factories, machinery factories, tanneries, potteries, and chemical plants. By far the most important are the oil and metal industries. The anthracite fields are known the world over for their depth, which is often more than 120 yards, and for the fact that the coal is dug in the open. Whereas the Russians extracted scarcely 120,000 tons a year, the 1927 output was more than six million tons.

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It has been estimated that there is a reserve of several million tons of coal extending fourteen kilometres north and south and six kilometres east and west.

The iron foundries and steel mills of Anzan, the property of the South Manchuria Company, draw their material from neighboring districts. The reserve iron supply is estimated at three or four hundred million tons. But since the content of the ore is only 36 per cent, it does not pay to smelt it at present. Two hundred thousand tons of cast iron are produced a year, and the company has taken measures to double this output and thus reduce the net cost.

The salt mines of Kwantung have also become prosperous, and yield an excellent quality of salt. In 1926 their output was 681,000 pounds, and they are capable of producing 1,350,000.

The railway that Japan inherited from Russia in 1905 by right of conquest consisted of a one-track line from Port Arthur to Kwanchengtze, and the rails were in a pitiable condition. The bridges were destroyed, the roadbed had deteriorated, and the rolling stock had disappeared. The length of the road has now been almost doubled, and nearly all of it is laid with much heavier rails. French capital has met part of the expenses, and the line now includes 695 miles of road, under Japanese control in the form of the powerful South Manchuria Company, whose capital exceeds 400 million yen, half of it being owned by the Japanese Government and the other half by private individuals. The main line alone, which carried one and one-half million passengers in 1907, carried nearly ten million in 1925.

It goes without saying that a country as vast as Manchuria, with its agricultural, mining, and lumber resources, can only prosper with extensive means of communication. This is the direction in which the Japanese would have exerted their efforts if they had been free to do so, but they are only temporary guests at whom the possessors of the soil look askance in spite of the extraordinary impetus their activity has given the country. Chang Tso-lin put this bluntly enough to the United Press in Peking a few months ago. 'People pretend that the Japanese want to construct a lot of lines across Manchuria and exploit them,' he said. 'You may be sure that they will build only as many as I please, for I am the sole master.'

For a long time the Chinese have been feeling where the shoe pinches. The shoe in this case is the Chinese Eastern Railway, which still belongs to Russia, but which she runs jointly with the Chinese authorities, in accordance with the treaties of the thirtieth of May and the fourteenth of September, 1924. The Chinese are also vexed by the South Manchuria Railway and its branch lines, which have belonged to Japan by virtue of the Portsmouth Treaty of 1905 and in accordance with the Sino-Japanese agreement of December of the same year.

The line traversing Manchuria from west to east drains all the agricultural products of this rich district out through Vladivostok. The other line, which joins the Russian road at Kwanchengtze, drains the rest of the country through Dairen and toward Korea by way of Antung. In case of military conflict, these two Russo-Japanese lines will paralyze the whole defense system of China, which now only controls the line between Mukden and Peking on the right bank of the Liao River. Also, in spite of the express stipulations in the treaties between China, Japan, and Russia, the war lord Chang Tso-lin has exploited the Russo-Japanese rivalry and tried to paralyze

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the monopoly of these two countries' railways by constructing others with the aid of each rival nation, depending on individual conditions.

Although Chang Tso-lin, rightly or wrongly, passes as the friend and protégé of Japan, he seems to have entered into numerous negotiations regarding the construction of other Manchurian railways, some of them favorable to Chinese economic policy and others favorable to Japanese economic expansion. One of these negotiations particularly dear to the heart of Japan is a projected line from Kirin through Kainei that would extend north of Korea to the port of Sonjin — a magnificent road that would put Harbin and the Russian railway within two days' distance of Japan. Other projects also exist, but the relations between Japan and Chang Tso-lin are not what they once were.

Moreover, the wave of nationalism and xenophobia that agitates all China has not spared Manchuria. The Japanese are disliked for having saved Chang Tso-lin in the winter of 1925–26. They are unpopular because they land soldiers in China and Manchuria whenever their nationals are in the least danger. Baron Tanaka is disliked because he proclaimed that he was going to undertake a 'positive policy' in Manchuria and Mongolia. It is strange indeed that a powerful wave of anti-Japanese feeling should have recently arisen after twenty years of occupation, during which the Japanese have maintained the peace and prosperity of the Three Eastern Provinces. The movement was undoubtedly encouraged by the local authorities. Japan, however, is not going to let herself be pried from the position in which she believes herself so solidly established, and she is taking this stand not only because she is stronger, but because she is legally unassailable, no matter how much she is abused.

What, then, is the real purpose of Japan in Manchuria? What are her 'special interests' that she puts above everything else and permits no one to touch? Her so-called special interests in Manchuria are not military bases for vast schemes of territorial conquest; they are simply material advantages acquired by 120,000 of her sons. They include enormous capital investments, and these advantages she needs to hold secure in order to maintain her own economic position.

To Japan, Manchuria represents an inexhaustible mine of valuable natural resources that she herself lacks standing at her very door. It is also a new market for her manufactured products, and a new field for industrial activity. There is no need of possessing the soil. She only wants to work in peace on an equal footing with the Chinese or other foreigners. To extend these facilities as quickly as possible beyond the narrow sphere that her treaties allow her, she is ready to abandon her extraterritoriality rights if China will guarantee to treat her as an equal.

China, however, suspects Japan's intentions. We have just seen the opposition raised by Chang Tso-lin's agents against Morgan's projected forty-million-dollar loan to the South Manchuria Railway, on the pretext that this American money would be used by Japan to further her imperialist aims. This statement alone was enough to disturb the United States, and the loan was put in a compromising position. Nevertheless, the seemingly complex problem of Manchurian railways is really very simple. Japan only asks to be allowed to build them and thus help China develop the prosperity of the three provinces, the sole condition being that these railways shall not compete with those

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Japan already controls by treaty agreement.

The question of Japanese emigration to Manchuria, which to a distant observer might seem an outlet for Japan's excess population, does not even arise. In twenty-two years only 200,000 Japanese have established themselves there. Why is this? Because the Japanese cannot compete with the local Chinese workers, farmers, or industrialists. Their standard of living is too high, and they are beaten. Moreover, Manchuria is rapidly being populated by the exodus of Chinese from Shantung, Honan, and Chihli, who have been driven out by the misery that follows their interminable civil wars.

Japan has no territorial designs on Manchuria, but it has a burning need to work freely in this country that it has already partially transformed — a need that is based on legal rights, however abnormal its origin may be.

The presence of Russia is going to complicate Sino-Japanese relations further. Conquered by the Japanese, Tsarist Russia retained part of the Chinese Eastern Railway and a branch line of the Trans-Manchurian from Harbin to Kwanchengtze, in accordance with the 1896 agreement. At the end of the war, the Allied expedition in Siberia, in which the Japanese played a preponderant part, encouraged for a moment the idea that the Russians would presently be expelled from all their positions in Manchuria, since China was on the Allied side. But this expedition, as we all know, ended in a retreat of the foreign troops, and the Moscow Government found itself occupying the same position toward China that the Tsar's Government once held.

But their principles were diametrically opposed, at any rate in appearances, and the Bolsheviki, for various reasons, adopted toward these people who had been oppressed by the Tsar a policy in accord with their own theories. After Joffe and Karakhan had skillfully prepared Chinese opinion, Moscow renounced all its special privileges, and concluded a new treaty with Peking on the thirty-first of May, 1924, and another on the fourteenth of September with Chang Tso-lin, that established new relationships between the U. S. S. R., the Chinese Republic, and separatist Manchuria.

The property of the Chinese Eastern Railway was recognized by the Soviets, its administration was confided to a mixed Sino-Russian commission, and its repurchase postponed for forty years. The aim of this move was to secure Chinese sympathy and to make the other Powers, and Japan in particular, suffer from the odium of maintaining former privileges. There is no need of entering into the consequences of this action in detail, but Chang Tso-lin resisted, and even took an aggressively anti-Russian attitude. He never forgave the Russians for having financed his most serious enemies, Feng Yu-hsiang and the rebel Kuo Lun-ling. It is highly probable that it is his vigor and tenacity that have led the Chinese Nationalists to expel the Russians from Chinese soil.

None the less, the Soviets have not ceased maintaining their influence in China and Manchuria. Virtually the masters of Outer Mongolia, which has been shaped into a Soviet republic whose machinery they control, they are surrounding Northern Manchuria, and have secured a foothold in the very heart of the country by their share in the management of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Sometimes they work against the Japanese, and sometimes against Chang Tso-lin, but they are always ready to play politics and ally themselves with either party. This all re-

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sults in an enormously complicated Manchurian situation — a complication that arises from the bad faith of all three parties and the anxious suspicion of the Chinese toward the Japanese.

The future of the Manchurian problem and the way it will evolve depend solely on the way the Chinese revolution develops in these provinces. If a strong, enlightened, and liberal Power could establish itself at Mukden, — even a Power of purely nationalist tendencies, but one that understood and respected international law, — this rich country would be assured a brilliant and prosperous future. As of all the rest of China, we can only say of Manchuria that its fate is in its own hands.

THREE DAYS OF TERROR AT CANTON[1]

BY AN EYEWITNESS

[THE following account of the recent uprising in Canton appeared in three successive issues of *Humanité*, and was entitled 'Letters from China.' Although it represents the purely Communist point of view, we print it as an interesting bit of testimony on an occurrence whose significance has perhaps been slightly overlooked.]

THE province of Kwangtung, which had been the cradle of Nationalism, was also the principal field of activity for the Chinese Labor Movement. It was here that the first great strikes took place. In Canton and Hongkong sailors and longshoremen wreaked their revenge in 1924, 1925, and 1926. Here, too, syndicates acquired legal existence for the first time, and the reaction that followed the coup d'état of last April came down hardest on the workers' organizations in this province.

General Li Ti-tsin's coup d'état last spring cost the lives of four thousand workers, and since that time the White Terror has never ceased. It has also been prolonged by conflicts between rival groups of militarists who have been fighting ever since last autumn for the right to occupy and govern the province. These conflicts culminated just after the revolutionary workers' and peasants' movement of Swatow was checked last October, when the armies of General Chang Fa-kwei returned from the North and installed themselves in Canton, taking advantage of the military weakness of Li Ti-tsin's forces, some of whom had embarked on a campaign against the revolutionary armies.

The open warfare between these two groups did not break out at once. There was a definite period during which the adversaries sought for outside aid that would assure them a decisive advantage. Although the two groups chiefly sought personal profit, they also represented a confused expression of the divergent interests of the great Canton bourgeois class that is allied with the Hongkong imperialists and the provincial middle-class

[1] From *Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *February 5, 6, 7*

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artisans, intellectuals, and business men. Chang Fa-kwei, supported by Wang Chin-wei, represented the vague aspirations of the latter, while Li Ti-tsin stood for the more clearly marked tendencies of the former group. On the seventeenth of November the conflict took a decisive turn. When Li Ti-tsin, deceived by Wang Chin-wei, accompanied the latter to Shanghai, Chang Fa-kwei and his lieutenants occupied all the strategic administration positions in Canton. He installed his own administrative staff, and dismissed the protégés of Li Ti-tsin.

Having seized power, Chang Fa-kwei was at once compelled to face a series of problems. He was confronted by the passive opposition of the rich classes, who looked with mistrust at this petty bourgeois adventurer, and he also had to face the open, active opposition of the working classes, who refused to be deceived by his radical phrases. He tried to appease both groups, but finally, compelled to gain the confidence of the possessing classes, he began giving them proofs of his capacity to defend their interests. These proofs were revealed in his attitude toward the workers. Such proletarian organizations as the Communist Party and the Red syndicates replied to his flirtations with street demonstrations and definite watchwords, which he followed up with violent repressions. The organizations of the Hongkong boycotters were dissolved, which was something that Li Ti-tsin had never dared to do, and all their quarters were occupied by troops. Many arrests were made, and the Terror's intensity redoubled.

The Cantonese workers showed their eagerness for battle in their syndical elections, where the Red candidates won a complete victory, utterly overwhelming all the yellow bureaucrats. Huge strikes broke out among the seamen, the printers, the postal services, and the bus drivers. At the end of November and during the first week of December the Cantonese workers' movement continued growing in depth and intensity in spite of all military measures. It expressed the complete economic disruption of the province, the bitter misery of the workers, and their determined resistance to military dictatorship.

At the same time the peasant movement was progressing with gigantic strides. The autumn harvests were followed by a number of local peasant revolts. The landless peasants northeast of Canton, aided by the remnants of the defeated revolutionary army near Swatow and directed by the Communist Party, seized power in various districts, organized village soviets, created an army of volunteer peasants, and expropriated the rich rural parasites. By the middle of November this local government had two hundred thousand peasants behind it, and a month later five hundred thousand. In other parts of the province the activity of the peasants also manifested itself powerfully.

It was under these circumstances that early in December the workers' organizations faced the question of seizing power by means of a proletariat uprising acting in close conjunction with masses of peasants and revolutionary soldiers.

Were these conditions favorable to an insurrection? Unquestionably they were. As we have already indicated, the apparatus of government was extremely feeble as a result of rivalries between the various military groups. Chang Fa-kwei had not yet succeeded in establishing himself firmly. The mistrust of the big capitalists deprived him of some financial resources. The influence of the workers and peasants made itself felt when numerous noncommissioned officers and soldiers in the ranks

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of his army openly expressed their discontent. There was talk of disarming various units suspected of Communist tendencies. The Government could no longer govern.

Furthermore, the Cantonese workers were eager to fight. Even in September they had been hoping for the arrival of revolutionary troops from Nanchang and Swatow, but the sudden defeat of these troops put a temporary end to their preparations for combat. Meanwhile the material situation of the masses was becoming more and more desperate, and all the logic of class war indicated that such a situation could only be solved in one of two ways — either it would end in an uprising of the working class, whose objective would be the seizure of power, with, of course, some chance of success; or, on the other hand, since no insurrection, however well prepared it may be, can be guaranteed success, it would mark the beginning of a new intense movement of repression of the proletariat.

The truth was that such repression implacably directed against the Labor Movement was the only means by which Chang Fa-kwei could temporarily decrease the difficulties that were assailing him from all sides. Would the Cantonese proletariat passively put up with aggressive outrages on the part of the upper classes, or would it take the opportunity to engage in a struggle that was clearly inevitable? The masses could neither live nor accept the existing government.

If the Communist Party and the syndicates had refused to lead an insurrection under such conditions, it would have forfeited the confidence of the mass of workers, and especially of the active advance guard of the Cantonese proletariat, which for several years had led all the labor struggles. The decision to enter into armed and violent struggle for power became an historical necessity as a result of the growth of Chinese class-consciousness, and it also had a good chance of success.

The political preparations for the uprising were marked by widespread agitation concerning the following watchwords that expressed the immediate and essential desires of the Kwangtung workers: immediate liberation of political prisoners, arming of the proletariat, freedom of press and assembly, the right to form coalitions and to strike, the return of their local labor branches to the control of revolutionary syndicates, the dissolution of the yellow syndicates, assistance to strikers, increasing the soldiers' pay from twelve to twenty dollars a month, peasant ownership of land, opposition to all reactionary generals, and a joining of forces with the Soviet Union and the world proletariat.

This campaign of agitation lasted about a week, and on the eve of the insurrection concrete watchwords for the uprising replaced the preparatory watchwords that had been used to mobilize the masses. The new demands in no way contradicted the previous ones, but led them to their natural conclusion, made them watchwords of action, and developed them. The following slogans were included: Rice for the Workers! Land for the Peasants! Down with Militarist Warfare! All Power to the Soviets of Workers, Soldiers, and Peasants!

A Committee of Revolutionary War was elected by the delegates of the Communist Party and by the Red syndicates, and likewise by revolutionary soldiers and the representatives of the provincial peasants. A much larger assembly of delegates, representing the same organizations, elected the Canton Soviet, composed of ten workers, three peasants, and three soldiers. The entire Soviet was under the direction of

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the movement, and the Committee of War that had been placed under its control was occupied especially with the technical execution of military measures.

On the night of the tenth-eleventh of December this revolt took place, rapidly and almost perfectly. At half-past three in the morning Comrade Chan Ta-lei of the Communist Party in the province of Kwangtung, who was killed the next day, appeared at one of the barracks of the garrison and announced the watchwords of insurrection to the assembled soldiers. They were enthusiastically adopted, and fifteen reactionary officers were immediately executed. The attack on the police stations then commenced. The central station was taken by a company of workers after an hour's fighting. The transport workers on automobiles and buses lent the aid of their vehicles and transported armed detachments to different parts of the city. At nine in the morning all the strategic points except the Bund, a large avenue running along the river, were occupied. All prisoners were set free, a great majority of them being militant members of the various syndicates or of the Communist Party. They at once asked for arms, and were stationed in the front ranks of the combatants. The artillery field was captured, and one battalion of a regiment that fought on our side disarmed two complete opposing regiments.

As the directing body of the insurrection, the Canton Soviet became the executive organ of power. The Bund was finally taken at eleven o'clock in the evening, after three violent street attacks. It was this delay in occupying this important point, which gives control of the river, that raised the first obstacle and checked the impetus of the armed workers, who had been so successful up to that time. This delay cost them the initiative, and permitted the troops of General Li Fu-lin, bands of rich reactionary peasants known as the Mintuan, to concentrate at Honam opposite the city and begin an attack at eleven o'clock in the evening.

This attack put the workers on the defensive and prevented the insurrection from developing along the lines that had been laid down for it. Offensive attacks on Canton were launched from Whampoa, Honam, and Shek-lung. The first attack was repulsed on the morning of the twelfth, but reënforcements from the other militarists quickly arrived during the night of the twelfth and thirteenth, when the city was attacked from three sides by three divisions. The armed forces of the revolutionists numbered about six thousand men, and were greatly inferior, not only numerically, but also in equipment. The fighting, however, continued bitterly until the afternoon of the thirteenth, when the White armies had penetrated all parts of Canton. About two thousand revolutionary soldiers and armed workers succeeded in piercing the front of the White armies and in leaving the city, heading toward the peasants' districts to the North, and they have not been seen since. In all probability they got in touch with the soviets at Haifung and Lu-fong.

In spite of its brief career, the Canton Soviet, ever since the first day of its existence, launched a series of decrees that will remain the most precious heritage of the first Labor government in China. Twenty-five thousand copies of these decrees were printed, and widely distributed among the workers and the middle classes.

As a result of these decrees, the Canton Soviet enjoyed the full support of the workers, the poor classes, and a large part of the petty bourgeois. Young people and women marched in

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its front ranks during the three glorious days of Canton. It is almost certain that if the workers had been able to remain in power for a week it would have been very difficult to overthrow them. About two thousand peasants, armed with picks and pitchforks, participated in the fighting. They were the ones who on the first day of the uprising occupied the railway stations at a distance from the centre of the town. They seized all the money in the ticket offices, and sent it to the Committee of Revolutionary War.

It may seem contradictory that, in spite of the active support of the masses, the Soviet Government of Canton should have collapsed so quickly. The chief reason for this was that three days was not long enough for this sympathetic enthusiasm of the masses in behalf of *their* government to express itself materially. Only a tiny part of these masses could be armed, and the attack of the military bourgeois groups came too soon for the masses to make use of the power that had suddenly come into their hands. Nevertheless, the three days when the workers controlled Canton marked an extremely important step in the development of class warfare, not only in China, but in all colonial and semi-colonial countries. Canton is a commune just like our commune of Paris, but very different conditions exist there. This was the first time that a Soviet government had been installed and had functioned in a country exploited by imperialism. For the first time Lenin's teachings in regard to the struggles of oppressed peoples were practised, applied, and realized. The defeat, being due to other causes, in no way diminishes their value. On the contrary, experience only confirms those teachings.

The Canton commune committed no great political error. Its policy was in reality extremely just. Its decrees assured the coöperation of the working masses, the peasants, the petty bourgeoisie, and the soldiers. It addressed appeals to the workers and peasants of all China, and to the international proletariat. Its decrees will be read, spread, and commented upon by peasants and workers throughout all China and throughout all other colonial countries. The latest Chinese exploit will be compared with the fruits of a year of Kuomintang government.

Canton has proved that the Chinese working class can take and exercise power. The correction of certain faults and omissions that led to the defeat of the labor government will permit it in the near future to maintain itself in power once power has been seized. Canton has shown the masses their one and real leader — the Chinese Communist Party.

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DESTITUTION IN WALES[1]

BY F. YEATS-BROWN

MAERDY, or 'Little Moscow,' is a straggling township of seven thousand inhabitants at the head of one fork of the Rhondda Valley. Almost everyone is a Communist here, to-day. But it was not always so. Seven or eight hundred of the miners of Maerdy went to the World War, and there are more than a hundred names on its Roll of Honor, preserved in the Working Men's Hall, which is now adorned with large framed portraits of Stalin and the Soviet tsars.

Maerdy is twenty-one miles from Cardiff, in a bleak little ravine, lined with long rows of stone cottages. Below them bubbles the Taff River; above them ugly coal piles rear their heads into the mist. It is a most depressing place. Men have been unemployed here for years. Boys are growing up with no idea of living except 'on the dole,' youths who have never done a day's work in their lives are marrying and begetting children, and men in their prime, able to work, — some of them hungry for it, — can find no work to do, and therefore spend their time discussing politics and deploring the injustice of our social order that will not provide for them. They were decent men, the miners of Maerdy that I spoke with; angry and disheartened no doubt, but not yet disillusioned with their leaders. I will recount what they told me: —

'There are four men and one boy working in the colliery here. The rest of us — several thousands — have nothing to do, except thirty or forty who can sometimes pick up a job elsewhere. Some of us get unemployment relief, some parish relief, some pensions. The few who work half-time are rather worse off than those who do nothing. The "dole" is eighteen shillings for the man, five shillings for wife or mother, and two shillings for each child. Rents are seven to twelve shillings a week. A family with three children has therefore twenty-nine shillings a week; allowing for rent, there is a quid a week left over for food, clothing, and all incidentals. Do you wonder we are fed up?'

I did not know what to answer. Quite obviously these men were very sick and sorry for themselves, sitting there idle in an evil-smelling room under those Russian lithographs. But what could one say? I had already explained that we probably should n't agree on politics, and that my desire was to obtain an objective view of the situation as it affected their wives and families.

'Take coal,' the spokesman continued. 'A family uses about two hundredweight a week. That's the least you can do with in this weather. It costs one and three a hundredweight: that's half a dollar out of the quid. And if they catch us working any coal for ourselves in this valley, they fine us or put us in quod — the damned Jews! How would you like to feed a wife and three children on seventeen and six a week? How much do you

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), *February* 18, 25

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think is left over to buy boots and bedding? By the time we have got the kids their bread and margarine, and some tenpenny bacon perhaps, and meat for the Sunday dinner, there is n't much over. Yes, we go to the movies. I know your papers say we blow our cash on pleasure. Ask the pubs how much we spend! They're all going broke. But never mind, one of these days — quicker and more suddenly than you think — the mines will be nationalized and the workers will own their own means of production. There will be work for everybody in the Workers' Government. Russia and China will trade with us.'

Heaven will come to earth when we begin to do business with Russia. My Communist friends are startlingly sure of it. I have seen Christ displaced amid so many communities of men, with nothing but cynicism to take His place, that it is noteworthy — not surprising — that here, in the heart of a religious people, a new savior is being born — Stalin. That is the present twist of Second Adventism in Wales. A light comes into their eyes when they speak of Russia. To argue against a man's sacred beliefs is foolish. I listened, feeling sad and hopeless, for these men represent thousands of their fellows. Over a conference table, years ago, the hysteria might have been scotched. Now I see little hope of a change of heart until the miners have learned their economic lesson.

More they told me here at Maerdy, but it was all about the breakdown of the capitalistic system. I wasted hours, here and elsewhere, listening to the same old story with its two angles of approach — the story of human greed and ineptitude. The coal-owners have mismanaged their men and material in the past, and show little signs of doing better now. The men have blundered just as badly (the strike of 1915, for instance, determined the Admiralty to substitute oil for Welsh coal), and are still loyal to leaders who will ruin us all if they have their way. There is a bad and bitter spirit throughout the industry; it would be wrong to slur the point. Yet we need not exaggerate its importance. The Welsh miner is no fool. True, he is intensely parochial. His valley bounds his horizon. He cannot see beyond this strange, smoky world into which he has been born. That is the present difficulty, but it cannot last. Hundreds of thousands of human beings came here a century ago to win coal for our industrial age. Now coal is slumping, there is less work. What does it matter whose fault it is?

Twenty thousand men, with their families, will have to find employment elsewhere. That is a grave and pressing problem. Even more serious is the immediate question of providing for the wives and families who are in dire distress. Whoever is to blame, they are not. Even if they were, would anyone outside a lunatic asylum suggest that their punishment of semistarvation fits their crime of wanting more of this world's goods than the world can give them? It is such a common crime, and such a grim penalty — your wife and children without shoes and proper clothes in this weather, and a pound a week (if you are lucky) to feed the whole family for months, even years, on end.

Immediate relief of distress, then, is of paramount importance, with energetic measures for reëducation and resettlement of a proportion of the workers to follow. The latter is, obviously, a matter of great delicacy. How to carry it out is a political question I will not now discuss. There is too much politics in South Wales. If one asks a miner whether his children get jam with their tea, one has to listen

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to the tale of iniquitous child-labor in 1841 or the truck system of 1860; if one asks an owner's agent his idea of relieving the present distress, he will begin about silk stockings and gramophones, continue on the subject of Messrs. Horner and Cook, and lead on to foreign tariffs, Admiralty policy, railway rates, for as long as one likes to listen. Neither of these instances is imaginary. As a result of my inquiries I have amassed a pile of statistics, but only a few simple ideas.

It is very hard to imagine or describe how the unemployed pass their day. The women, of course, are busy — many of them overworked in trying to make two ends meet on a quarter of what they used to have, and with a large and growing family. The men go out to work outcrops, they mend the house, they nurse the baby, or they stand silently in the streets. The emptiness, the utter inanition of life, in these bleak valleys is such that it is difficult to conceive why anyone stays. Yet where could they go? They know so little of the world.

They are a clean and self-respecting people, compared to many I have known, and live in good houses of brick or stone, with good curtains (not often of the dingy lace of London, but neat whole colors — cream, primrose, green), white doorsteps, polished windows. The cupboards are bare. Although they do not beg, most of them, some wives write to friends whom they know to be distributing relief. Here are some typical letters, all dated January of this year: —

I hearing that you helping large family that in great need and I thought I would apley. I got a bit family of 10 off us to keep that is 8 children me and my husband, and the children in great need of boots and clothes. The age of the children is 16, 14, 12, 10, 8, 3, 2, 1. Rent 14*s*. Hoping if you can do anything it would be very kind.

More literate but not less pathetic is this letter from a woman whose husband has been too long out of work to receive now unemployment relief. The 'dole' to which she refers is from the parish: —

Having my husband idle the last three years from the Cambrian Collieries, I have only the dole to depend on, which last week amounted to twelve shillings and sixpence to maintain my husband and myself and one child, and am also expecting to become a mother shortly. I shall esteem it a great favour if you will assist me in this time of need.

Again: —

I am writing to you on behalf of the expectant mothers of this district. Have you some baby clothes you could send us? The nurse took her underskirt off last week to wrap round a baby, as there was n't a rag to put on the child when it was born.

Seventy-five per cent of the applications are from ex-service men who fought for their country. One of these, whom I saw, was found recently practically naked in his house. He and his wife and four children were entirely destitute; he had no clothes, and was therefore ashamed to come out. Now this particular man is well cared for, acting as the unpaid but untiring secretary of a noble woman, whose life has been passed among the people of the Rhondda. Untold good she has done, and will yet do if the means are given her.

Anyone with two eyes can see that the women of the Rhondda look drawn and harassed, and that their children have insufficient clothes and that their boots leak. Yet I would not say there was actual hunger. Hardship, yes, especially among many who are too proud to tell of their misery; but the children seem to thrive on their scanty diet, and romp about those forlorn streets with a zest that the overfed and

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overtended infants of Kensington Gardens do not know. My impression is confirmed by many experienced people whom I questioned; but I believe the Medical Officer of Health has reported that some thousands of children are suffering from malnutrition. Whether starving or not, the children in South Wales badly need our help.

The instances I have quoted, the distress I have myself seen, are such that I do not wonder at the state of mind of the miners. Never were a people more in need of help, physical, moral, spiritual.

From the wind-swept heights between the two Rhondda valleys one sees a panorama of gray and gloomy roofs, of idle chimneys, of derricks and coal tips hulking against the sky. Untidy, grimy sheep are the only regular sojourners here. There is a golf course, it is true, but no one seems to play on it. The scene below is also one of stagnation. Spread out at one's feet is the history of a hundred years — an ugly, wretched story. Students of political economy need not look in books for their facts; from any hilltop in South Wales they can see a lesson writ large — namely, that in the struggle between class and class everybody grows poorer.

I tried last week to tell something of the circumstances of the unemployed in these mining districts. Let us now tap at the door of Mr. Jones's cottage in Tonypandy (needless to say, I disturb no privacy: the facts are true, not the names) and see for ourselves what the family is doing. Mrs. Jones is none too glad to see us, poor woman, for she gave the children their weekly dose of physic last night 'and the bedroom's something awful — you can't go in.' So the bedroom, which we shall never see, is worse than this front room!

It is a small dark place, largely filled by a table on which a litter of white-enamel breakfast cups and plates still stand at noontide. Part of one wall has peeled off its plaster. There are polished brass ornaments on the mantelpiece, and a large number of hangings and decorations, while the rugs on the floor are filthy and moth-eaten. Pictures and knickknacks are strewn on walls, dresser, mantelpiece. One would sweep all these things away if one could and burn or bury them, and then attack the walls with a pail of sanitary distemper. . . . This is not a typical miner's house, however. Even the friends I have come with are surprised — startled would be more accurate. 'She is such a good, clean woman,' they said to me afterward, 'but she is getting ill from worry and overwork. I don't know what will happen to her.'

Perhaps she will have a rest in hospital. She is ash-gray, with dark rings under her eyes, and complains of a pain in her back. With a tiny baby to nurse and three children and a hungry husband to provide for, she has no leisure or peace.

Mr. Jones has been unemployed for four years, with a few spells of work. His family supports itself on thirty-one shillings a week. Rent is 7*s.* 6*d.* a week for two rooms. Last night from nine until seven this morning he was working at an outcrop, and won two sacks of coal as the reward of his labor. That is the only exercise he takes. He never goes out, except to the coal tip or the outcrop. At the moment he is sitting by the fire, dandling the baby, whose already dark hair proclaims his race. Its very brown eyes fix my eyeglass in astonishment, then twinkle with the greatest good-humor as it waves a fat hand in my direction. It is accustomed to bright, clean things. Only in the last day or two has a change come over the home. What will be its life during the next few

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weeks, with a sorrow that I sense hanging over the house? What will it grow into? A miner? A millionaire?

Mrs. Jones is scrubbing an older boy's face. John Thomas is about six; he wants to stare at us, and does, although the soap keeps getting in his eyes. Robert and Doreen, aged nine and ten, stand rather shamefacedly at bay; they know we have come at an inopportune moment, and dislike our intrusion. They know how proud their mother is to keep the house clean. And now — now it is different. Something is going to happen; they don't know what, and I don't know. But the Jones ménage cannot long continue in its present disorder. Mr. Jones, however, chats away cheerfully enough. Robert is a husky lad. 'When he goes out and plays, his cheeks are like a rose,' he says; 'but, of course, he'll lose all that color as soon as he goes down the pit regularly. We all get white, but we are n't any the worse for it.' It is to be noted that Mr. Jones, in spite of his plight, and the lesson these long and hideous years must have taught him, can still envisage no future for his son except being a coal-miner. It is amazing how hard tradition dies. Here is a man who is ready to change our whole social order, but not his own trade or that of his son.

Among these people the Society of Friends is doing an excellent work. The Friends take no part in politics (blessed relief to the inquiring journalist in search of facts!) and confine themselves to deeds of Christian helpfulness. Theirs is a life of service and sacrifice, which shall surely yield abundant fruit in an industry where such example is sorely needed. They relieve much distress, in so far as their means allow, but they also engage in an educational work which is notably successful. The miners show a very ready appreciation of good books, and are delighted to have an opportunity of studying and discussing them, and of attending the lectures which are frequently given at Maes-yr-haf, the 'Quaker' headquarters at Trealaw. Among the books which I noticed on the shelves of their little lending library was Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which, I was told, is in great demand. Darwin's *Origin of Species*, 'Dick' Sheppard's *The Impatience of a Parson*, and Bruce Barton's *The Man Whom Nobody Knows*, are all popular; so are Laski's *Communism* and Tawney's *Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capital*. Sir Josiah Stamp's searching little essay on *The Christian Ethic as an Economic Factor* is extremely popular (and, I might add, an ideal pabulum for the young miner), as are Dr. Jacks's *Challenge of Life* and all the Master of Balliol's books and Canon Streeter's *Reality*.

Mrs. Jones is still scrubbing John Thomas's face, absent-mindedly lathering it over and over again. His clothes are dirty and in rags. One heel is off his boots, and the soles of both are worn thin. His face is already burnished like the brass on the mantelpiece; the rest of him remains unwashed. This morning the family breakfasted on bread and margarine and tea with no milk. There is some very unpleasant-looking bacon for dinner — nothing else. For supper, bread and margarine and tea again. It is a cold, wet day, with terrific wind. I should go mad in a week, cooped in that cold valley, with the house walls crumbling, the children restless and uneasy, my wife wilting before my eyes. But Mr. Jones is inured to hardship and discomfort; he lives in hope of better times. He dare not lose hope. He will not face facts.

Mrs. Jones — there are thousands of them all over South Wales — is losing heart and hope and health. For a time

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she will go on scrubbing and cooking, in a dazed way, seeing her once tidy home sink to slumdom. Fresh air, sunlight, the small excitements of life which regular wages can buy, have long been denied. The drabness is crushing her. Good words and small charities may delay the breaking point of her nervous endurance, for when she remembers that someone cares she faces the world again. But month follows month, and still her husband can find no work. Despair has come into that dark room and is at her elbow.

Can we save her? Do we care enough for our fellows to remedy this long-drawn-out misery of unemployment? Seen close, it is a sight to make one tremble for civilization. Can it be true that

> Such a world began
> In some slow devil's heart that hated man?

Here in South Wales one is tempted to turn pessimist. It seems so hopeless to help the Jones family. Wiser heads than mine are engaged on a scheme of relief and removal. I hope they will be quick, or Mrs. Jones will not be there to help.

A VISIT TO PENANG [1]

BY DR. WOLFGANG VON WEISL

PENANG — a paradise of the Malay Archipelago, Paradise-blessed; Penang, isle of coconut and areca palms; Penang, with its dreamy beauty, the quiet port of the hushed and beautiful islands of the Malay Straits. . . .

On the map it looks British, this tiny island at the entrance to the Malay Straits from the north. It is colored red; its capital city with the English name of Georgetown sounds thoroughly European; and when your ship arrives off Penang on a Sunday it must discreetly drop anchor outside. Here, friend, is British Sabbath observance, and you must unload bag and baggage about a mile from shore — that is where Sunday stops, apparently. On shore a hundred thousand palms, silent watchers, nod their heads in the breeze, saying: 'Ja, ja, mein Herr, that's how it is here — English, priggish. Incidentally, let us introduce ourselves: Penang is our name — Arekapalme in German. How are you?'

The police boat stops alongside the steamer. Two officials climb up the gangway — the one, an Englishman, very tall and plainly bored; the other, who looks at our passports, a Chinaman with gold-rimmed spectacles, somewhat awkward. Very carefully he examines our British passports and consular visas, then stamps them with permission to land in British Malay — given by a Chinaman. I do not yet know which of the two symbolizes this country.

The European on board is scarcely interested in this at all. For a week, ever since we began to approach the Malay States, he has been interested in the one great question — Where does rubber stand? The police officer aboard

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *February 5*, 12

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is a dumbbell — absolutely ignorant. He does n't even know the latest quotations! Lives in Malaya, and does n't even know where rubber . . .

A terrible suspicion arises in me as I write this. Perhaps, after all, you are quite as uneducated as I was three weeks ago, and do not know what rubber is. Rubber is to Malaya what milk and honey were to the Promised Land. Rubber is the most precious thing on earth. Rubber is liquid gold for him who owns it. Rubber — no language in the world can worthily sing the praises of rubber, the life-elixir of Malaya. The tiger has a friendly smile for it, and the boa constrictor buys rubber stocks with his savings.

Consult your Tauchnitz German-English pocket dictionary with me to learn what rubber is. 'Rubber: eraser; rasp; one who rubs; rubber (in whist).' If this information does n't suffice, let me whisper in your ear what the dictionary scandalously withholds — rubber in German goes by the name of 'Gummi.' And as soon as you draw near the coasts of Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, or Malaya, this refrain rings from the woods, echoes through the newspapers, and even resounds in the jazz of the saxophones: Rubber, rubber, rubber.

With an old man from Singapore we sail in swaying sampans toward land. My companion has been in Europe and Palestine for more than nine months, and is stepping on his native shore again for the first time. He is restless, nervous. I ask him sympathetically if he is moved by the thought that he is now nearing his own land. 'Naturally,' he assents; 'you can imagine — it's now twenty-two days since I last read a rubber quotation.'

That is Malaya.

Stamps of the Malay States do not bear the rubber tree as an emblem, but the king tiger. The stamps are misleading. . . .

In Penang, as in Singapore, no customs, no passports. The days when a German was placed under police control on landing in Malaya are of the past. The four or five Germans in this large city of 140,000 inhabitants feel the after effects of the war only in their exclusion from the club life of the clubbored Englishmen. Of mental effort there is little, of intelligent conversation there is none, in the tropics, and here in Penang there is as little as elsewhere. Whoever is not sufficient unto himself has a choice of whiskey with soda or whiskey without soda. And the movies, of course. . . .

Outposts of the East, an idle pair of Chinese ricksha coolies loaf around the dock, assisted by the Malay police. Chinese chauffeurs pick us up and drive us through clean, broad, well-tarred streets — altogether European in appearance. A gigantic post office, a gigantic clubhouse, a railway station crowned with a clock tower — all in the cheap Renaissance style of the eighties. The street names sound like Sherlock Holmes stories — the first being Downing Street, the second Scotland Yard, the third Farquhar Road. Indian traffic rules prevail. . . .

Five hundred metres, and up shoots another world, about which Downing Street wants to know nothing — China.

Small Chinese shops with signs in Chinese and English; little Chinese maidens in jackets and black trousers; dealers in foodstuffs; large shops with long banners strung over the street to announce in colored Chinese characters: 'Cheap sale! Here we are selling out because it is so beautiful today!' And people, people, people. More than eighty thousand of the one hundred and forty thousand Penang-

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ese are sons of the Celestial Empire.

But they are not Chinese of the good old vintage, with beautifully painted signboards whereon pigtailed mandarins stroll in tea gardens and superintend coolies with similar pigtails as they roll rum barrels to the waiting ship. And no Chinese women with deformed feet — none, or practically none. So modern have the Chinese become, even the barefooted and bareheaded ricksha coolie with naked torso who passes us with his small, light, two-wheeled vehicle in whose single seat slouch a Chinese married couple and their child. These people strike us as less exotic than the brown hotel porter in Alexandria who would have liked to pass himself off as a white.

It seems to us that the yellow of these Chinese, since it is not so yellow anyway, is not so different from our own complexion — and in spite of their slit eyes the Eastern Asiatics seem closer to us racially than the brown Hindus, the black Tamils, the turbaned sheiks, who represent Middle Asia and Arabian Asia.

Closer — but not close. Attractive Chinese women smile at us. They are pretty, friendly, and have white faces. But concealed under the powder their sharp features produce an unfortunate effect, like gruesome death masks at close quarters. The strangeness that passes unremarked in the tanned coolie, with his short, smooth, blue-black hair flopping in the wind, grips us strongly when it appears in these girls. They are strange, strange as the great city itself behind its white English mask.

The dwellings of the rich are Chinese, too — beautiful country houses in wide, well-kept English gardens with their palms and lawns. Chinese the movies, the clubs, the restaurants, the 'eating houses.' Chinese the beautiful and peaceful temples — the little old 'Dragon Temple' for American tourists, far out of the city, set in a magnificent natural garden of palms and rice and mango trees; and the great, rich, many-storied 'Temple of Black Waters,' with its turtle pond and its pagoda and its gilded carving — an exhibit of Chinese wealth in the Straits, but not the most impressive.

Near the Penang race course — the best horses entered to run are Chinese — we meet the funeral procession of a rich mine owner. Before the coffin march white-robed children, strewing red paper money in the wind, symbolizing purchase of a right of way for the dead man to whom no man will ever again give anything. And the automobile hearse, draped in white, is followed by trucks and by at least a dozen bands of marching musicians, who, in turn, are followed by more than a thousand coolies, each with a tremendous silk banner on which friends and relatives and clubs have inscribed their last greetings. Last of all come wagons packed full of wooden horses, symbolical servants, and symbolical paper kites and paper horses and trays of spices and music, followed by exactly one hundred and twenty automobiles of mourners.

The dead man was neither a prince, a politician, nor a general. He was merely one of the hundred Chinese millionaires who are slowly but surely subjugating the Malay States. They use no force; they are simply here — and they have the money.

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TRUE TIGER TALES[1]

BY PROFESSOR PAUL SCHEBESTA

Our forefathers believed in the werewolf; the black men of Zambezi still believe that witches and demons take the shape of lions and crocodiles to kill their enemies; and in Malay similar beliefs are even more widespread. Fundamentally each of these ideas is the same, but we are still ignorant of their origins.

As a general rule, the Malayans never mention the tiger by name, especially when they are walking through the jungle. If one of these apelike natives sees a fresh tiger footprint crossing his path, he gazes at it transfixed with anxiety, and curls his hand into the shape of a tiger's claw. His companions likewise are stricken dumb with terror, and quickly open up a new path that does not cross the one the tiger has made. The incident is not referred to, and never under any circumstances is the name of the animal mentioned. The Malayans refer fearfully and respectfully to the 'grandfather,' or to *Datò*, a title of honor that is applied to the tiger.

I have often witnessed the audacity and boldness of the tiger. The frightful roars of this fierce creature will terrify a whole village at midnight, and often enough the animal will break into stables or houses and indulge in a veritable massacre. Once upon a time, in a remote jungle village, a large family had gathered together to celebrate the visit of a suitor who was wooing Puteh, the beautiful daughter of the house. Everyone was in good spirits, and enjoying fancy dishes of rice that the hostess had prepared. As night cast its dark shadows across the forest the savage roaring of a tiger was heard approaching their dwelling. The door was promptly barred, and all the men seized their spears. Everyone listened breathlessly, while the roaring kept growing louder and more terrifying. A small, smoking torch faintly illuminated the inside of the hut. The men clung together, spears in hand and ready to defend themselves, while the women huddled in a corner, pale with terror and quaking afresh at each successive roar.

Suddenly the loudest roar of all was followed by a frightful crash, and the bamboo door of the hut collapsed. The men scattered, wild with terror, and the torch toppled over, extinguished. Two gleaming eyes shone through the open door. The women screamed with terror, while the men pressed themselves close to the wall, not one of them daring to attack. Showing his teeth and snarling, the beast glided into the hut and knocked down one man after another with his front paws, breaking the necks of some with a single bite, or tearing their throats. Shrieks and cries of agony mingled with the roaring and snarling of the beast, who was not hungry, but merely bloodthirsty. Only one person present was able to make his escape.

The young suitor from the neighboring village managed to swing him-

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal daily, weekly supplement), *February* 11

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self up to the roof of the hut, and looked on, stiff with terror, while the tiger seized upon his young bride-to-be, playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse before he put an end to her anguish with one snap of his teeth. Growling angrily, the animal left the blood-soaked room, leaping heavily out on to the verandah. The whole jungle rang with his roaring until dawn, when the quaking suitor climbed down from the rafters and hastened back to his native village with the terrible tidings.

In the neighborhood of the village of Melintang in Malacca a bare hill rises from the thickly wooded forest, with an observation post on its peak. A few years ago the natives believed this hill bewitched, and every inhabitant of the village circled widely around it whenever he had to pass that way. When the hill was cleared of its trees foreign workers had to be imported, for no one in the village dared to work there, no matter how much he was paid. A Malayan who lived in a near-by village bossed the job. He was the bravest of the lot, and laughed at the superstitions of his fellows.

Morning after morning the caravan of workers would climb the hill, returning to the village in the evening, and the overseer could not persuade any of them to spend the night with him in the hut he had built on this hill, although they were all exhausted from the tedious daily trip. Disgusted at the cowardice of his people, the overseer finally resolved to spend a night up there alone, and thus bring the others to shame. The next morning the workers could not find him anywhere, but after a long search he was discovered propped up under a tree, speechless and out of his head. They all at once laid down their tools and fled precipitately. No one ever knew what had happened to that Malayan during the night, and what had caused him to lose his reason.

Months later a European came to finish the uncompleted task with a group of Javan laborers. The presence of the white man gave the natives confidence, and they even dared to spend the night on the hill with him. A number of huts made of bamboo and rattan leaves were soon built, and the workers lived in them. The European's hut lay about a stone's throw away from the others.

The second night he was awakened by an unusual noise near the leaf-covered side of his dwelling against which he had pushed his mattress. He thought that it was probably wild pigs poking about in the neighborhood, and dropped asleep again. The next morning tiger footprints were discovered all around the hut.

The man had no weapons, but he attached small importance to what had happened, and next evening again laid his mattress on the ground right beside the wall of the hut, and went to sleep. His repose was soon disturbed by what seemed to be a low snarling near at hand. He was not mistaken. His hair stood on end, for only a thin partition of leaves separated him from the bloodthirsty tiger, and he could feel upon him the foul, heavy breath of the animal on the other side of the wall.

At first he thought of leaping up and rushing out the door, but a good angel and a nameless terror held him back, for certainly the tiger would have sprung upon him the minute he emerged. He therefore fell back on the mattress without a sound, holding himself stiff and stark. Hoping to scare away the animal, he then shouted to his Chinese servant, who was sleeping in the next room, but the cry only caused his Chinese neighbor to scramble up to the roof and cling to one of the rafters.

What was the white man to do? Whenever he shouted the tiger would

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keep quiet, and whenever he stopped shouting the animal would start snarling again. He could feel the tiger sniffing at him from time to time, and hear him growl, but he still lay on his side pressed tight against the wall. Sweat poured down his face, and he kept on shouting like a wild man. No one came to his aid, for no one heard him. He cried still louder, as loud as he could, hoping to scare the animal away. In vain! The tiger remained, and only stopped snarling when the engineer shouted. Again the man had a wild idea that it would be best to get up and attempt to flee, but the rustling of the mattress so angered the beast that it prepared to spring against the side of the hut. The man fell back on the mattress as if dead, and again started shouting — for the animal always retreated a little in fear at the sound of his voice.

He was so exhausted that his senses almost deserted him, but one idea remained — that he must stay motionless and keep shouting, although his voice almost refused to function.

The Chinese remained clinging to the rafters without moving, and the white man lay on the ground for hours with the fear of death upon him. The wildest ideas and the most gruesome imaginings flashed through his mind. He finally remembered a prayer that he had learned in his youth, and this he shouted over and over, his voice cracking under the strain. Completely exhausted, he was almost ready to give up the struggle, for his present situation seemed worse than any kind of physical pain. Finally, hearing a more threatening growl than usual, he believed that his last hour had come, but the tiger presently withdrew and disappeared into the jungle. It was growing light, and when morning came the laborers bore the delirious overseer down to the village.

A certain young engineer once had to survey a hill. After a few days, however, he frightened everybody by rushing into the presence of his chief dressed in a torn nightshirt. This is the story he told. 'Last night I decided to sleep in the open because the air in my tent was unbearably heavy. I hung a mosquito netting from the branch of a tree in such a way that it just covered my folding cot. The night was black as ink, but there was a pleasant breeze, so that I slept as I have never slept before. Suddenly a warm breath in my face woke me. I looked up, and saw through the mosquito netting two fiercely burning eyes of fire fixed upon me. They came nearer and nearer until they touched the mosquito netting. Then they drew back and moved round and round the spot where I was lying. Presently I noticed another pair of eyes, emerging from the near-by thicket like two torches, and growing larger and larger until they reached my mosquito netting. Then they too drew back and also began moving around the spot where I lay. I heard the tread of many feet in the mud, and could feel the warmth of the animals' snouts when the two pairs of eyes stood still and fixed themselves upon me. Tiger! Tiger! shot through my mind. I thought I should go mad with terror, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, leaped up with a horrible cry. The two pairs of eyes withdrew, and I heard a crackling in the bushes as I madly dashed away down the path.'

The story seemed incredible, and the next morning the chief himself with one of his Malays went to investigate, for he thought that the young man was out of his mind. On the hill he found the deserted tent and the mosquito netting hanging from the limb of a tree, with a cot underneath it, just as it had been described. The cot was surrounded with thick black mud, and in this mud

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were a lot of big tiger footprints. How many of these frightful beasts had been there? It was impossible to say. Evidently they had smelled their prey and had come sniffing up to the sleeping man, but whenever their noses hit the netting they had been frightened and would begin walking around his bed again. They had kept on doing this until the young man had jumped up with a shout of terror and frightened them off.

In Malaya the heat is often unbearable, especially in the flat country. In the middle of the jungle stands a bungalow in which lives a trained nurse who runs a hospital for the natives in the vicinity. When the girl first came from Europe she knew nothing about the dangers of the jungle or about the wild beasts that inhabited it. During the day the sun shone so bitterly that the heat could be seen radiating from the ground. At night it hardly cooled off at all, and the air was so heavy and sultry that sleep would refuse to descend upon even the most tired pair of eyes. The nurse took out the windows of her sleeping room, which gave on the verandah, and pushed her bed up to the window to get a little breeze. In this position she went to sleep. Suddenly she was awakened by a peculiar scratching noise on the verandah, and when she looked through the window she saw the huge head of a tiger, whose burning eyes were fixed upon her.

Without realizing what she was doing, she threw her pillow in the wild animal's face. Snarling with rage, the tiger started clawing and burying his angry head in it. The human smell inflamed him. He tore the pillow to pieces and began devouring it, swallowing some feathers and the pillow cover. But the feathers in his throat began to choke him, and he fell back over the parapet of the verandah sneezing and snorting. He whirled around on the ground and tried to get the feathers out of his mouth with his paws, roaring horribly all the time. The terrified girl took advantage of this situation to run into the house and rouse the others, who made an end of the tiger while he was still trying to cough up the feathers.

One more remarkable occurrence is worth describing. One evening two pitch-black Tamils who had been working on a rubber plantation went to bathe in a stream, when suddenly a tiger appeared. The Tamils at once jumped out of the water and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The tiger gave chase, pursuing them with long bounds. Suddenly one of the men slipped on a moss-covered stone and fell. The animal stood over him with gleaming teeth, and the poor fellow was so terrified that he did not dare to move. The tiger sniffed him from all sides, up and down, and then uttered an angry roar and hastened away into the thicket without harming a hair of the fellow's head. A group of Sikhs had witnessed the affair from a safe point of vantage in the neighborhood, and when asked why the tiger had spared the Tamil they replied with a laugh, 'Because he was too covered with oil, and the tiger does n't like it.'

As a matter of fact, the Tamils smear themselves with all kinds of oil, and not always of the most fragrant variety, so that even the tiger disdains this kind of prey. Not all perfumes please all noses.

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TOLSTOI AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS[1]

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE

[GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS MIKHAILOVICH, who was shot, together with Grand Duke Paul, by the Bolsheviki in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, is known to the world of letters as an historian. He edited the correspondence of Alexander I, and published a remarkable study of Feodor Kuzmich, the famous double of Alexander I, who died in Siberia, and whom many still believe to have been the real Emperor.

Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich met Tolstoi in 1901 in the Crimea, where the latter was visiting the Countess Panin and recovering from an illness. The Soviet Government has discovered in its archives the journal that Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich kept at this time, in which he describes his encounter with the illustrious writer.]

From Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich's journal, November 4, 1901.

I had long wanted to make Tolstoi's acquaintance, and the occasion finally presented itself in the Crimea in the autumn of 1901. I had gone to spend a few days with my brother Alexander, at Gaspra, and Tolstoi was staying almost next door with the Countess Panin. Arriving in the Crimea on the twenty-second of October, I went on daily walks hoping to meet Tolstoi, who, I was told, either walked or rode all over the surrounding country nearly every day. But my search was vain. Realizing that only a lucky chance could bring me in contact with him, I decided to write the Count quite simply and ask to meet him.

I sent my letter on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and immediately received a reply. The Count asked me to call and see him at one o'clock. I was received by the Countess Sophia Andreevna, who informed me that her husband was in his study upstairs but that he would appear presently. Ten minutes later Tolstoi entered the room. He greeted me very cordially, and excused himself for having answered me by telephone and not by letter, saying that he was suffering from rheumatism in his hand. We soon were sitting side by side talking, the Countess having left.

Physically Tolstoi looks like a decrepit old man, but when he talks this impression quickly disappears and the old man is transformed into a robust, well-built peasant. He dresses simply — a gray blouse and leather belt, trousers of the same color, and boots that reach halfway to his knees and cover the bottoms of his trousers. When you are told that the Count dresses in rags and that he never washes, do not believe it. On the contrary, he is extremely neat. His hands and finger nails are well cared for, and even his big white beard, though in a state of poetic disorder, is well combed. But his clear blue eyes are what strike you most. His penetrating gaze seems to plumb the depths of your soul, and, since his eyes are deep set and his cheek bones protrude sharply, the impression is

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *February* 1

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heightened. These eyes wear a tender expression with a touch of sadness, but they are spiritual eyes that concentrate intensely, revealing character and will power. He has none of that wandering look that people have spoken of so much, nor is he in the least agitated. On the contrary, everything about him is majestic, simple, and dignified.

On the subject of Alexander I we talked at length. Tolstoi told me that he had long intended to write up the legend that described Alexander I ending his days in Siberia as Feodor Kuzmich — a legend that is by no means confirmed, being, indeed, contradicted by numerous facts. Alexander I's original, complex, mysterious soul interested Tolstoi passionately, and he told me that if Alexander really had ended his life as a hermit his redemption would have been complete.

After this we talked on a personal matter that I wish to keep to myself, and then we discussed a number of mutual friends — the Countess Chuvalov and Madame Cherkov, who are followers of the doctrines of Redstock and Pachkov. Tolstoi believes that this teaching is fundamentally false and gives no real satisfaction, although its intentions are excellent.

After sitting with Tolstoi a good hour I arose to take my leave, and he accompanied me to the door, saying that he was enormously happy to have made my acquaintance.

The second time that I visited Tolstoi was in the evening before dinner. I was invited to go to his study, where the Count greeted me with these words: 'I am very pleased to see you. I was expecting you. I am ashamed, and my conscience has been reproaching me. I should like to ask if you stopped to consider what you did the first time you came to see me. I am a pestilential person. The Church has excommunicated me, and people are afraid of approaching me. Yet you come to my house. I repeat that I am an outcast, and that I may cause you trouble. People will look at you askance on account of your visits to a man whose politics are disapproved of.'

We later discussed the present state of Russia, the lack of central authority and of governmental system, the abuses of ministerial power, the futility of Sipiaguin, the insolence of Witte, — although we did justice to his capacities, — the lack of religious sentiment, and so on. On the last subject Tolstoi spoke at length, accusing our clergy of being largely responsible for the present state of religious indifference.

I remarked that many people who had read his books thought that he doubted the immortality of the soul. In a state of obvious distress the Count replied: 'Is it possible that there are people who understand and explain my teachings in that way? If so, it is a great shame. I feel, however, that I am growing older. My inspiration is not what it used to be — indeed, it is sorely lacking; but I assure you that my only desire is to aid suffering humanity. At present I am working hard on my book on religion. If I succeed in ending this work before I die, I shall be happy. Two-thirds of the labor is already completed. It is not ending well, for inspiration is often lacking, and I am often sick.'

In most of his conversations Tolstoi spoke often of death. I got the impression that the thought of death was troubling him, and, although he did not admit it, doubt seemed to be invading his soul.

On this occasion I stayed with him nearly two hours, and he was most interesting when he talked about the epoch of Alexander I, of the people of that period, and of his novel, *War and Peace*. The thing that impressed me most during this intimate interview

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was Tolstoi's naturalness. Devoid of pose, he struck me as a thoroughly simple man, and charmed me as the most delightful of conversationalists.

The last time I visited Tolstoi was to take my leave of him. Again I stayed more than an hour, and this time he related to me in detail his recollections of Sebastopol, which were still so fresh in his memory. All the Count's reminiscences are vivid, a succession of lifelike pictures, and it is an extraordinary pleasure to hear him talk.

Tolstoi finally spoke of Emperor Nicholas II. He pitied him greatly, and wished that he could help him. He believes that he is a very good man, with elevated thoughts, but that the people around him are his undoing. Tolstoi also spoke to me of the late Alexander III, saying that if he were still alive the priests would not have excommunicated him. He then asked me about my father, who was an artillery officer at Sebastopol, where Tolstoi had met him in 1854. He spoke so simply and charmingly that I felt it impossible to regard him as an anarchist.

In conclusion, I should say that Tolstoi the writer and Tolstoi the private individual are two entirely different people, and I am happy to have had the chance to see the individual at such close range, for I can now pardon the hot-headed writer for many of his indiscretions.

Letter from Tolstoi to Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich.

5 April, 1902

DEAR NICHOLAS MIKHAILOVICH, —

I wanted to write you as soon as I received your telegram, but I have been so sick for the last two months that I have not been able to sit up and take a pen in hand. Nevertheless, I did want to write and thank you cordially for everything you have done. I am particularly grateful to you for having carried out my request although it probably inconvenienced you to deliver my letter to the Tsar. You probably read it, as I asked you to, and it could not have accorded with your own opinions. If I am mistaken, I should be very happy, and would beg you to pardon this assumption.

In any case, I am taking advantage of the first day on which I am able to write to thank you warmly. I have learned from Cherkov that my letter was well received, which pleases me, and I am promised that it will be shown to no one. I did not ask for that, but if you found such precautions necessary you probably had good reason, and I have no objections.

I should also have liked to explain to you some of the ideas that I set forth, but that I cannot put in writing here. I hoped that, even if you did not share my opinions, you would understand them, and not look upon them as the fantastic products of an impractical man — for I am convinced that this is the very best that anyone in Government circles can say of me.

In your case, however, I hoped that you would recognize my opinions as the result of long and serious thinking that led me to conclude that autocracy could only be saved from complete collapse by having the Government strive for the highest goals toward which humanity aspires, and by leading its people in that direction. One of the goals toward which the Russian people have always, in my opinion, aspired is the freedom of the soil and the right to hold individual property. Much has been written on this subject, but it has received really masterly treatment by Henry George in his great work, *Progress and Poverty*, and in a more succinct book, *Social Problems*. To my mind, it is just as necessary to solve this question now as it was necessary to emancipate the serfs during the first

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half of the last century. Nevertheless, in our day not only is the solution of this question neglected, but the problem itself cannot even be stated. The great landowners in Europe and America who compose the governing caste are trying to stifle it and not allow it to reach government circles. Yet in Russia alone can it be solved, for here we have autocratic power, and it is in Russia that its solution is particularly necessary and important, since the majority of the Russian people live on agricultural work, and their chief grievance is the lack of soil at their disposal and its unjust apportionment. Henry George's project, called the single-tax system, which you probably know, is simple and practical. It consists of having all land valued by the rent that it brings and having this rent paid to the government by whoever occupies the land. This rent then composes the entire state revenue, and takes the place of all other taxes. I can readily imagine an imperial order abolishing landed property and confiding to different committees the task of assessing its value in various provinces.

And what a great benefit the Russian Emperor would be conferring, not only on his people, but upon the entire universe. How completely it would protect him from Socialist and revolutionary plots. What a strong position he would occupy, backed by thousands of his people and by the popular masses, who would receive from his hands the realization of their most cherished and legitimate desire — the right of every man to nourish himself by working the soil that God has given, not to a few, but to all human beings without exception.

Such are my ideas, but I admit I may be mistaken and that humanity may aspire to other goals that the Government should endeavor to attain. Although this is possible, it is not possible for a government to continue, as ours is now, maintaining something that no longer corresponds to real life, and refusing to show its people the way to attain real happiness. Such a government cannot long exist.

The news came yesterday of the murder of Sipiaguin. It is terrible, principally because of the anger, hatred, and the desire for revenge that this assassination will certainly provoke. But such things are inevitable, and they augur still more serious misfortunes if the Government does not change its policy completely. Good order can only be based on reasonable agreement and love. Nothing can be based on violence, punishment, and vengeance — nothing but more violence, more punishment, and more vengeance, which may be postponed, but will certainly have their day.

Excuse me for tiring you with this long letter, but I wanted you to understand my reasons; and, besides, I am deeply moved, partly because of my weakness, for I am writing lying down, and partly because of the frightful murder of Sipiaguin — the prelude to still greater atrocities on both sides, atrocities that it would have been so easy to avoid.

Adieu! With all my heart I wish you all possible happiness, principally in your spiritual life.

Affectionately,

L. TOLSTOI

Letter from Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich to Tolstoi.

TIFLIS, *April* 15, 1920

MY VERY DEAR LEV NIKOLAEVICH, —

Your letter, which I received yesterday, I enjoyed enormously — in the first place because I see that you are so far recovered that you can write, and in the second place because I had been waiting for a long time for news of you,

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and it arrived on Easter Day. I have followed the bulletins of your health in the newspapers, and I have been intending these last few days to break the silence and to beg and beseech you, after this two and one-half months, to amuse and relax my mind with one of your letters. I now reply to your communication.

Arriving at Petersburg on the twenty-second of January, I received your missive the next day. I read it, and had a copy made to keep. I then found the person for whom it was destined, and delivered it. When I asked if I could put this letter in the Emperor's hands, people told me 'Certainly,' and three days later, after a family dinner, I gave it to him, saying as I did so: 'I beg of you, out of respect to Lev Nikolaevich, not to give this letter to any of your ministers. I am asking you that as a personal favor.'

The Emperor promised not to show it to anybody, and told me that he would read it with interest. Since then I have had no opportunity to discuss it with him again. The fact that the Emperor let me give him this letter, and his friendly attitude ever since, lead me to believe that he is well disposed. Our Emperor is a very good man, a benevolent man. All the harm comes from his entourage. If I went so far as to beg him not to show this letter to his ministers, I only did it out of respect to you, and because I should not care to have the ministers abusing you before the Emperor. I hope that you will approve.

As for the means proposed in your letter of April 5 for saving autocracy and improving the sad situation in which our country finds itself, please don't be hurt if I say that you are too great an idealist. You believe that we can do something in Russia that people do not even speak of in Europe or America. Every peasant is devoted to his little domain, and, if I understand you correctly, you would nationalize all the land, whose revenue would return to the State, or, in other words, to the Treasury. I think that even if this method received the consent of the owning classes, — that is to say, the proprietors of every kind, — it would encounter the most violent opposition from the peasants. Furthermore, to realize this grandiose idea we should need a formidable emperor like Peter the Great, as well as collaborators of a very different type from those who surround Nicholas II. We should have to reform and revivify institutions whose supremacy runs back through the centuries, such as the State Council, the directing senatorial body, and all the ministries.

My conclusion, therefore, is that your idea is as far-reaching and sympathetic as it is impractical. Clearly, we are living in a terrible period that demands immediate practical reforms; but where to begin? 'That is the question.' We are vexed with the question of public instruction and the teaching personnel, with the labor problem, the incompetent bureaucracy, the general passion for profit, excessive militarism, depraved morals, and so on, and in the face of all these you propose raising the agrarian question again. You run the danger of being the only soldier on the field, because even those who share your ideas will hesitate when it becomes necessary to pass from theory into practice. Our society seems to me so thoroughly rotten that convalescence is only possible by a united and gradual effort on the part of the different government departments.

To my mind, the autocracy can only be saved if its responsibilities toward a people of one hundred and thirty million are limited and if the number of ministries is increased. One explanation for our evil condition is that it is

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extremely old. In the course of the nineteenth century life and the exigencies of life marched forward, but our institutions scarcely budged. Only when all of them have been reformed shall we be able to think of the complicated question you raise, and then perhaps men will be found who are capable of realizing this magnificent idea.

It is only natural that the future should appear sombre to you, and that you should feel that the murder of Sipiaguin may provoke futile acts of revenge. For that reason I am asking myself how Plahve will steer the ship of State. I seem to detect a little improvement in Finland and the Caucasus. God grant that I am not mistaken. What shall I say of Witte's resignation? If he really did it to enhance his personal popularity, and carried it out on his own initiative, how could he abandon his Emperor at such a moment and raise such difficulties for him to solve?

I have let myself run on, and fear that I have bored you, and I beg you not to hold this long letter against me. If you have any free time, write to me. I am not in the least afraid of the police, and enjoy enormously talking to you. Thank you again for the charming lines you wrote on the fifth of April; they touched me, and convinced me that you love me a little. I beg you with all my heart to regain your health as quickly as possible. Take good care of yourself, and do not go out walking or riding horseback imprudently.

Transmit, I beg of you, my most sincere homage to the Countess. I press both hands affectionately.

Yours affectionately,

NICHOLAS MIKHAILOVICH

NOMADS OF THE RHINE [1]

BY C. Z. KLÖTZEL

'WHAT would you like to do?' the fat man with the radiant Dutch face asked me, raising his spectacles.

I was sitting in the reception room of the headquarters of the Nederlandsche Transport Maatschappij in Ruhrort, and the gentleman addressing me was one of the leading members of the firm. I had asked his permission to make a journey on one of the Company's barges down the Rhine across the Dutch border.

'Yes, but we have no passenger service; we only run tows.'

'I know that, but I'm a journalist, and want to find out something about the lives of the sailors on the Rhine.'

'Would you like to travel on a tug?'

'No, not on a tug, but on a barge — on an absolutely typical coal barge.'

The man opposite me lost none of his obliging manner, — in fact, he was perhaps even a shade more genial than before, — but I could tell from his eyes that he thought me mildly crazy. Begging me to follow him, he led me to the Company's admiral, who presides over the destinies of one hundred huge barges and two dozen steam tugs. This person, who looked like an old

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *February* 17

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water rat, found nothing extraordinary in my request. In two words it was agreed that I was to call for him at nine o'clock the next morning, and then be allowed to go either to Lobith or Rotterdam on a fifteen-hundred-ton barge.

The headquarters of the Nesta are situated in the shipping quarter of Ruhrort, and across the street from them stands the Shipping Exchange. The latter is a fine big building in the Westphalian style, rather spoiled by ornamentation of the William II period, and it might serve as an excellent place to handle and load freight if the sailors only wanted to use it. But the real Rhine sailor never goes within its doors. He stands outside on the dam with his fellows, blocking the traffic. At most, he will take a look through the outer hall and read on the big black table how high the Rhine is at Mannheim or Düsseldorf. He then quickly discovers the day's listings on the Exchange, but all his business is concluded in the open air or in one of the neighboring bars, one of which bears the very appropriate name of *Zum Völkerbund* — 'The League of Nations.'

The next morning the admiral and I set out in a motor boat through the Rhine traffic and among heavily laden barges tied together with hawsers and waiting to depart. Big gray clouds floated in the heavens. Black smoke and white steam lay heavy on the water and the shore. The Rhine here has no loveliness. Its postcard type of beauty does not begin until farther upstream, near Bonn. This part of the river looks like the Lower Elbe; it is a mighty and a busy stream.

The port is the biggest inland port in the world except Detroit; but it is a port without any forest of masts, a port devoid of howling sirens or long warehouses. The horizontal element predominates: big black barges, nearly one hundred yards long, lie flat in the water, and the quays are flat too, stretching along the bank for miles. Flat likewise are the overhanging piers.

Only one article is handled in this port, — coal, — though here and there you see a barge loaded with lumber. More than three-fourths of the twenty-two million tons of freight handled by all the Rhine and Ruhr ports in 1925 was coal, which long trains keep bringing up from the mining districts.

An average barge holds one hundred railway wagons of coal, and the biggest barges now used on the Rhine contain four thousand tons, or more than two hundred and twenty wagonloads.

Here and there, close to the water's edge, lie piles of coal that are loaded by steam shovels that look like the hands of a Cyclops. Scarcely any men are visible, for they have disappeared in the confusion of machinery, wagons, and iron construction work. As our motor boat shoots downstream past an entire tow of barges, I suddenly think of the appropriate name for the scene about me. It is a water street, a broad, traffic-packed avenue, a highway. As far as the eye can see, before us, behind us, and about us, long lines of barges stretch behind their tugs. Those going downstream to Holland are speeding along rapidly, but the ones headed up the Rhine proceed slowly, fighting their way yard by yard with screw or paddle wheel.

In the middle of the stream lies a long string of anchored barges waiting to depart. Each tug carries its national flag at the bow, and each barge carries the flag of its freight company or its steersman. This flag flies at the top of the pole when the barge is in motion, and at half-mast when the barge is anchored. Dutch flags predominate, and you see many French ensigns too, but the German flag seems to be on the decline, on account of the German railway rates and the high taxes on

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German inland shipping. In many cases, however, the Dutch flags are flying on German vessels. The big mining companies, and especially the Thyssen interests, have made Rotterdam their home port, and their ships sail under the red, white, and blue Dutch flag. The Company is patriotic enough, but it wants to keep down expenses, and happy Holland has very, very low taxes.

We need no ladder to climb out of the motor boat on board the coal barge Lombardo. The barge is sunk to its topmost water-line, and the deck is hardly a handbreadth above the surface. Only the bow and the stern, where the steersman's house is situated, are higher. Mountains of coal tower above the cabin windows.

The Dutch bargee, Herr Ballagooyen, was born and bred on a Rhine barge, and he takes in an occasional passenger. He has spent all the sixty-six years of his life here, and married a woman from another Rhine barge. Their three boys and three girls have been brought up on the barge, all of them having been born on the water. Of these six children only one has gone ashore, the others having remained nomads of the River Rhine. Two sons have become fresh-water sailors on board the Lombardo, and the girls have married bargemen who ply between Strasbourg and Rotterdam. The family have never owned a house on solid ground; their barge is their home.

Herr Ballagooyen used to be a private barge owner, but during the war he sold his barge, and he has been working for almost ten years with the Nederlandsche Company as a bargee. The Nederlandsche Company has fine modern iron barges with closed-in steering houses. Father Ballagooyen may well be pleased with his Lombardo.

Bargees have a rather easier life than the crews of North Sea fishing boats. For one thing, they have much better lodgings. Father and Mother Ballagooyen occupy a nice little three-room dwelling on board. They have a little kitchen, a real parlor, and a bedroom, but the sons must sleep up forward with the sailors in less comfortable quarters. The three-room dwelling speaks eloquently for the occupants' well-being and for a real Dutch sense of cleanliness. No one would ever imagine that fifteen hundred tons of coal lie only two yards away from Mother Ballagooyen's kitchen; and everyone carefully scrapes his high water boots before entering the room.

Between stem and stern the bargee's family live their whole life. Their chief difficulty is taking care of their children. The littlest ones can often be tied up outside in front of the cabin, but in spite of all precautions a great number are drowned every year. And how about their education? The law allows them to go to different schools as they move about the country, wherever the barge is anchored. They will spend two or three days in Ruhrort, then perhaps will not stop anywhere for three weeks, and then pass two days in Mannheim — the result being that they learn almost nothing. Since the Rhine bargemen want their children to be educated in order to pass their navigation examinations later, there is only one thing to do — the youngsters must be boarded on land. This puts a tremendous financial burden on the bargemen, most of whom, being devout Catholics, have large families. Father Ballagooyen makes one hundred and fifty Dutch guldens a month. His sons the sailors make between ninety and one hundred guldens. They have their rent, light, and heat free, but just the same it is difficult to support many children on land on so small an income.

In Germany the Government has not devoted much attention to this ques-

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tion, but in Ruhrort there are two homes for bargemen's children, one Catholic and the other Protestant. They are supported by private means, and also receive some assistance from Prussia, the local province, and the city. Nevertheless, hundreds of bargemen's children still grow up almost wild, and only occasionally sit down to a school desk, simply because the parents have not enough money to support three, four, or more children on land or to send them to live with relatives. Why should n't a floating school on the Rhine be established?

Finally our entire tow is hitched together — the tugboat Fadir and the barges Franziska Louise, Lombardo, Time is Money, and the Renatus Heumen. The hawsers are made fast, the anchors are raised, and on each barge the steersman stands at the wheel. The tugboat follows the wide curves of the stream, and the barges come after, like recruits behind a noncommissioned officer. The journey has begun.

A Rhine barge is hard to steer, for the pressure of the water at the sharp corners is very great. Strength and endurance are essential. On many barges the steering wheel is horizontal, and the steersman leans his body against its spokes. Almost all the new barges have vertical double wheels, which occupy less room, but are harder to manipulate. These vertical wheels are in a little house, whereas most of the horizontal wheels are in the open.

A barge must always follow the course of the tugboat fairly closely, and the steersman must keep his eye open for dangerous stretches of water. The tow keeps going as long as it is light, and in summer it even sails by moonlight. The decision to go or stop depends on the bargees, and not on the captain of the tug. Many companies have formed the bad habit of making too many night trips. When anything goes wrong, they say: 'How can an old bargee put his barge and cargo in danger so casually?' Whereas, when the bargee refuses to run the risk of a trip in the dark, the company says: 'Your eyes must be weakening. We'll have to look around for a younger man.'

The speed of the barges varies in much the same way that mountain climbing does. Father Ballagooyen told me that his last journey from Ruhrort to Strasbourg took him three weeks one way and three and one-half days the other.

The banks of the Lower Rhine are flat, and the river is spanned by huge bridges. The landscape here is concealed by rain and mist. Already the soft mild ocean climate of Holland makes itself felt. The color of the meadows is a gentle green, and cows are standing in all the fields. Frost and snow are almost unknown. The view becomes monotonous as soon as the last traces of the industrial provinces lie behind us. As the bargee's wife says, one can go below here without being afraid of missing anything worth seeing.

Father Ballagooyen had just been speaking rather harshly of the capitalists, but when he sat down at the table he folded his hands devoutly and uttered a quiet prayer. His wife also looked down at her plate, murmuring as she did so; and the young Ballagooyen boy bowed his head reverently. Soon, however, spoons were clinking against the plates, and the next thing we knew we were having music with our meal, for the three-tube radio set in the parlor was connected with a loud-speaker.

Every barge has radio antennæ, and never have I seen anyone prize the radio as much as these men do, who are always surveying the pleasures of big cities without being able to go on shore.

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After dark the tows lay at anchor in long lines, and only their lanterns and the lamplight within the cabins revealed this flat world of Rhine nomads.

In five hours we reached the German border city of Emmerich. Here the ship's papers had to be shown to the officials, together with bills of lading and customs declarations. Everything was carried out in an involved, unpractical way. Instead of having the officials go from one tug to the other in a fast motor boat and look over the papers, everyone must turn upstream, and perhaps anchor. Then one man from each barge rows ashore and takes his papers to the customs official. When they have all returned, the tow can continue its journey.

It was already dark when we reached the Dutch frontier at Tolkammer, having passed through Emmerich. A number of tows had already anchored, always lining themselves up in twos and threes like soldiers. One barge only lay apart from the rest, and we anchored close to it. Presently the high voice of a child called out 'Grandfather!' The boat by which we had anchored was run by Father Ballagooyen's son-in-law. When the plans of the journey permit it, members of a family can see each other at such times, but if the plans are not propitious they are as far apart from each other as if they lived on different continents.

The Dutch passport officials in Tolkammer were very much surprised to find an *Uitlander* appearing on the Rhine — that is to say, a man actually traveling on a coal barge. I went ashore with young Ballagooyen to the *Karseboom*. Here all the bargemen meet each other, and there are hundreds of letters stuck in glass frames around the wall, and all of them addressed to Bargeman So-and-So on Barge So-and-So. The bar was full of men; there was not a single woman to be seen; but on the wall hung a placard saying: '*Gelegenheid to het Knippen van Polka-en Bobbehaar*' — 'Polka-bob hair-cuts here.'

Will someone tell me what a Polka bob is?

THE DECLINE OF THE MINISTRY[1]

BY THE REVEREND HUBERT HANDLEY

'THE Church of England will have ceased to exist.' These words were not written by Mr. Bertrand Russell; they occur in the Preface to *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, 1927. I will give the main context, putting into italics the extraordinarily ominous passages. Here is the handwriting on the wall: —

'It looks as if the Church of England *cannot count on more than three hundred and fifty new recruits a year* [*to the ministry*] for some time to come. *Of these a very large number are quite unable to provide themselves with an adequate education.* . . . Additions to the Prayer Book may enrich public worship in various ways, and *the Church Assembly may pursue its ideals of efficiency with*

[1] From the *Hibbert Journal* (London theological and philosophical quarterly), *January*

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unabated satisfaction to itself. But all the while the backbone of the Church is being slowly broken by the fact that men to do the work are not forthcoming. . . . We doubt whether the importance and urgency of the question have yet been realized by the laity, even by the House of Laity. It is not too much to say that if the history of the last ten years is continued for another ten, *the effective maintenance of the parochial system will have become impossible* in all but a few favored localities. *Anything which can fairly be called "the Church of England" will have ceased to exist,* and its place will have been taken by the sporadic activities of a denomination.'

Crockford's Clerical Directory, familiarly spoken of as *Crockford,* is well known within the Church of England; perhaps it is not well known without. Let me say what it is. It is a large book of some two thousand pages, recording a list of all clergy within the Anglican Communion, and, in the case of each clergyman, noting the chief educational and ecclesiastical facts of his career. It is published by the Oxford University Press, and has been for a long time so ably and exactly edited that, though not official, it is authoritative. Above all, for our present purpose it is impartial. It belongs to no school, party, or color; it takes no side; its judgment is just and weighty.

What is its judgment on candidates for the ministry in the Church of England?

(1) They are failing in quantity: 'Men are not forthcoming.'

(2) They are failing in quality: 'A very large number are quite unable to provide themselves with an adequate education.'

It is the loss in quality, the educational and mental defect, which matters most. It is the danger that the Anglican ministry may fail in learning and ability. 'We fear,' said *Crockford* in 1926, 'that the number of clergy capable of "attacking the intellectual problems of religion" in the universities or anywhere else is neither large nor increasing.' No thinking Churchman can view this insufficiency and peril without concern. Let us look at it steadily.

Of course, the prophets of the Modern Movement, from Dean Stanley to Dean Rashdall, have cried this danger aloud in our streets. And now, alive to-day, prophets in the Church who have breathed a breath of Modernism announce the danger too. I could quote offhand a dozen such living leaders in Cambridge, Oxford, London, or the great provincial towns; at hazard, 'without prejudice,' as the lawyers say, I name three — Professor Percy Gardner, Professor Burkitt, and the Dean of St. Paul's. We need not labor the subject. The facts are notorious. But the Church is used to these cries from our Modern school. It is those Modernists again; and the Church turns over once more to sleep. Here it is that *Crockford* comes in. It is here that *Crockford* helps. *Crockford* is fair, as everyone knows. *Crockford* has no axe to grind. The Church will listen to *Crockford.* Let it listen. And when it has listened, it will have to face the difficulty; it will have to face the chief, black, lowering cloud in the bad weather — the want of thoughtful men for the ministry. And it will have to ask more seriously: *Why* this defect? Each member of the Church, particularly if he have endured the trial himself, may throw out his own notions in the matter. If I may be permitted, I will briefly throw out mine.

Why this defect? Why this lack of the more thoughtful candidates for ordination?

First, for many of our thoughtful younger men the Church of England has lost much of its old appeal. They

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respect it. They feel in their blood something of its historic power, venerableness, charm. It irradiates the past. Shakespeare's historical plays are imbued with it; Scott's romances are alive with it. Their own schooldays were colored and surrounded with it. Perhaps their own early home was hallowed by it. They wish it well. They desire that it should go on. But for themselves it has lost its individual spell. They often find it in its theology to be incredibly thin and impossible, in its worship to be finicking. They admit that there are noble and vigorous exceptions to what thus seems to them to be the rule. But their attachment to their Church, the attachment of many among them, has no passion, not even ardor; it is languid and lingering.

What these men do not see, do not realize, is that *they* are the men to step in and put all that right; that the Church of their fathers is in desperate straits; is starving for want in its ministry of men like themselves; is dimly, half consciously, aware of the very ills which they detect, and which they, and they alone, could heal; is susceptible of magnificent renewal in the direction of their own deeper instincts and needs, in the direction of a large, living theology, of a manly, august worship.

Pick up the splendid tradition. What mental and moral virility has marked the ministry of the Church of England in its long story from one generation to another! What names! Cuthbert, Anselm, Langton, Latimer, Hooker, Whichcote, South, Butler, Wesley, Arnold, Kingsley, Thirlwall, J. B. Mozley, Selwyn, Hannington, Magee, Lightfoot, Temple. 'Hath Israel no sons?' It is a grand line of masculine faith and piety, those thoughtful men of old. If to-day the line is in danger of being broken, who can save it? The thoughtful men now.

But suppose that many thoughtful younger men see the danger by some flash, take in the situation, and even hear the call to the rescue. A second obstacle at once springs up, and may often block the road. Can these men *honestly* take holy orders? Ah, it is a poignant question. A man tosses it to and fro among his own inmost thoughts. It haunts him, follows him about, keeps him awake at night. He thinks Yes one day, No another. If I may be excused a personal reference here, I have gone through it all. For seven years, after leaving Oxford, I was on the spikes of this indecision. That wonderful call to this wonderful work — so commanding, so full of unearthly promise and delight. And on the other side the great word Honesty — at the root of things, at the root of all that is worth anything in yourself, at the root, you believe, of God's universe, and even in a sense, if the phrase may be reverently taken, at the root of God Himself. Are these two incompatible — the call and honesty? If you obey the call, have you bartered away your honesty? Have you lost what Grou holds to be the climax of Christian attainment — 'simplicity'? Will you never be an Israelite in whom is no guile again? Or better, put it the other way. 'Steel true and blade straight,' said a memorial in the *Times* to a young soldier fallen in the war. Can a soldier of the Cross who has breathed the modern spirit take holy orders — sign those documents, assent to those articles, recite those creeds — and still be steel true and blade straight? He can.

It has been the puzzle of all Christian pioneers — their dilemma and their test. On the one hand, ecclesiastical authority is conservative, proceeds from the past, insists on the usual, moves in order on the beaten track, holds the great brotherhood of the pilgrims — old and young, stalwart and

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feeble — together. That is authority's function. On the other hand, the pioneer is inquisitive and daring, straining his gaze into the future, catching the lie of its landscape, mapping out roads, stalking ahead alone, experimenting in discovery. That is his function. He must inevitably here and there leave the main, mighty company of believers behind — his particular task, unlike theirs, being to explore. All pioneers have done it. Not only that recent group of pioneers named Modern Churchmen — all pioneers have broken through the fences of the status quo, and have called back to the startled, lagging officials, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.' Thus authority, while repudiating wild adventure, gradually yields to sane. Both are indispensable, authority and advance. Von Hügel's great essay on Official Authority and Living Religion is conclusive: 'The soul at its deepest is ever profoundly original, isolated, active, daring, interior, penetrative . . . it moves through suffering to joy. And official authority is, as such, ever repetitive of something past and gone; is the voice of the average thoughts of the many; aims at limiting the action of its subjects to a passive reception of its commands; is essentially timid.' Yet, 'Officialism, of some kind or degree, is inevitable if we would make a reasonable, continuous provision for applying the motive force and light of the leading, stimulating, renovating few [that is, of the pioneers] to the dull, average, more or less automatic many. . . . For only then shall we avoid the loss of that greatest glory of Christianity, the corporate spirit, the love of the universal brotherhood, the sense of the indestructible interdependence of all times and races, gifts and activities of life, the supremacy of Love over knowledge, and of Action over speculation.'

But, thirdly, the crux. Yes, the pioneer's work in itself is honorable, beneficent, necessary. At last the sound pioneer will win, will secure his position and draw his fellow Christians after him. But meanwhile, how can he become a clergyman? How can he profess to believe what he does not believe? How can he repeat certain statements of doctrine in the Church which, in their obvious sense, it is his very desire, duty, and habit to supersede? How can he recite questionable confessions, sign incredible documents, say one thing and mean another?

The answer is this: The clerical pioneer must tear off that mask, rip it in pieces, tell the truth and see what happens. That is what the genuine pioneers through the centuries have done; and all of us, the whole Christian Church, are to-day existing on the fruits of these men's sacrifice and integrity. The Modernist candidate for ordination must declare himself. He must tell authority in due time and place how *he* understands this or that clause of a creed, how *he* interprets this or that formulary. If authority rejects him, he must go. If authority accepts him, he will thank God, take orders, look the world in the face, and serve his Church and generation in his own destined way. Modernists are not alone in free interpretations. The other schools of the Church depart here and there, again and again, to the right hand or to the left, from the literal meaning of the formularies. They are honest if they own their dissidence. The Modernist is equally bound and equally free. It is the avowal, the unconcealment, which, as the moralists say from Sidgwick to Canon Streeter, is the touchstone of honor. Candor is salvation.

Are Modernist clergy at ease in their position? Are they glad that they were ordained? Let the Reverend H. R. L.

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Sheppard, who has lifted the whole Church in London, reply. I make no apology for a rather full quotation from his luminous little book, *The Human Parson* (Murray, 1926): —

'To the man who has sought ordination primarily because of a desire to know God the Father through a greater intimacy with Jesus Christ, so that more of His spirit may be released for the world's need, there will never come, without grave moral deterioration, any lasting regret for his decision, but rather, I believe, a growing sense of gladness that he chose the happiest, if the most difficult, of all professions. There will, of course, be hours of depression and painful realization of but the poorest achievement . . . times of intellectual doubt and difficulty. Yet beneath all these passing storms of doubt and thought there will grow a steady, persistent, and ever-deepening belief that, given the right spirit, it is all abundantly worth while.

'I know that to some the official actions of clergy who think as I do appear from time to time as disloyal to the letter of the Church's law, while others find it hard to understand how, holding the views we do, we are still content to use official forms which we earnestly desire altered and perform official ceremonies which have very little but good intention to be said for them. For myself, I can only say that wherever possible, in and sometimes out of season, I urge the most radical reform of many of the Church's ceremonies and formularies, and beyond that I dare believe my Master will understand and pardon what seems insincere if He knows that the real purpose of my ministry is to make Him known and loved of men, and to do what I humbly can from within His Society to make it more worthy of His presence.

'This that I claim for myself, trusting in His understanding, I believe, would help many a man to be ordained if he can feel as I do and claim the same understanding for himself.

'Finally, I believe that the function of the clergy in this great day is not to dogmatize, but to become themselves pilgrims with all thoughtful men on the road that leads to truth, walking themselves in such light as comes to them from the Cross on which their Master died for truth, and asking for further truth themselves.

'Ours is a great life — rather, it may be a great life; but its strength and power depend not on an automatic authority laid upon our heads by episcopal hands, but on our own persistent attempt to know God as men's Father and to capture the spirit of Jesus Christ to this end and for the world's need.'

That is enough, some reader might say. Excuse me, it is not enough. Let these considerations venture to close with something yet more commanding: —

'Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

'Thou madest room for it: and when it had taken root, it filled the land.

'The hills were covered with the shadow of it: and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedar trees.

'She stretched out her branches unto the sea: and her boughs unto the river. . . .

'Turn thee again, thou God of hosts, look down from heaven: behold, and visit this vine:

'And the place of the vineyard that thy right hand hath planted: and the branch that thou madest so strong for thyself. . . .

'And so will not we go back from thee: O let us live, and we shall call upon thy Name.'

Thus does the psalmist, with a few incomparably bold and majestic

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strokes, sketch for us the Church of England in its need.

Since the above article was written, good news, in a measure, has come from Lausanne. The verbal tyranny of the creeds has there received a slight relaxation. If the work of Lausanne, in some respects great, in this respect is small, let us make the most of it; it yet may grow to momentous issues.

On August 15 the Bishop of Gloucester addressed the Conference, explaining his formula of belief. In his speech he is reported (the *Times*, August 16) to have said:—

'The unity of the faith should be in the words already suggested — "The Faith of Christ as taught in Holy Scripture and handed down in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds." It was not the creeds or the Scriptures that they believed in, but the faith that they taught. This was important, as it meant that they were not committed to any particular theory of inspiration, and creeds were accepted, not as invariable or inerrant or necessarily unchangeable documents, but as the traditional expression of the faith of Christ.'

These comments of the Bishop are an actual, though a cold and meagre, response to the yearning and panting of the younger life within the Church for dogmatic fresh air. At least they break the prison bars of credal literalism, infallibility, finality, behind which we struggling Churchmen have been locked too long.

The formula of belief itself, as at last reported by the Committee and received by the Conference, goes some way in the same direction. It is, if one may respectfully say so, deplorably cautious. 'The clock that always loses,' said Mirabeau of Necker. Yet the formula anyhow makes a start. Here is an important clause of it (the *Guardian*, August 26):—

'We believe that the Holy Spirit, in leading the Church into all truth, may enable it, while firmly adhering to the witness of these creeds (our common heritage from the ancient Church), to express the truths of revelation in such other forms as new problems may from time to time demand.'

These concessions of the formula to liberty are not negligible. (1) Not the 'words' of the creeds are here affirmed, but the 'witness.' (2) Moreover — *articulus aut stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* — the creeds, it is here granted, may be developed; that is, they are not dead and brittle, they are organic and alive — alive within the living society of whose belief they were once the living expression, and of whose belief, if they will throw off waste matter and admit repair, they may become the living expression again. 'You cannot,' writes Professor A. N. Whitehead, 'claim absolute finality for a dogma without claiming a commensurate finality for the sphere of thought within which it arose.'

Remembering the occasion; remembering that, at the lead of an Anglican bishop, a conference of many churches is projecting, tentatively, a statement of the faith of the Christendom which is to be, there are here for Modernists, if we are faithful, glimmerings of large opportunity and hope.

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GEORGE GROSZ[1]

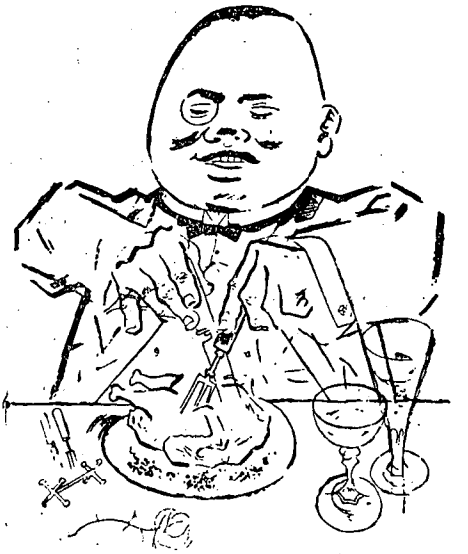
BY IVAN GOLL

THE brutality of our epoch puts us in the position of having to say either 'Yes' or 'No' to the conditions in which we live. One alternative involves our taking part in the world as we find it; loving strength for its own sake; exalting the progress of the twentieth century that has bequeathed us poisonous gases; doing business; suffering; sweating; saying, 'It's all in a lifetime,' as if one were tossing off an Amer Picon; becoming a prize fighter or a cabinet minister; making aluminum casseroles. With a dash of really bad faith, anyone can attain one of these ideals.

Or we can spit on the whole business. Put ourselves beyond it. Roll up our shirt sleeves. Cry for truth. The most redoubtable thing in the world is truth. Not to delude one's self. To look in a pocket mirror and find the face of humanity in it — a death's-head.

Look out for people who won't say 'Yes' or 'No.' For they are damned. They're all at sea. They lend their capital to a society that no longer exists, a society whose bold front conceals the state of decay within, a society whose collapse, though never made public, has occurred ten times over. The people who won't say 'Yes' or 'No' believe that the war has ended and that everything is going to be the way it was 'before.' And, in order to remain secure in their ignorance, they buy themselves a suit of pyjamas and a nightcap.

What interests us is the position that artists take during this period of European conscience-searching. We find our answer in the countries that have undergone a revolution, in countries where the old-fashioned appearances have gone by the board, where towers of ivory are being seized and their building material transformed into gaming chips for houses of clandestine pleasure or into ladies' umbrella handles to ward of nocturnal attacks.



Finding himself out in the cold, the artist takes a stand at once. He is the eternal Prometheus, born to say 'No.' Such was the case in Russia. Such was the case in Germany.

[1] From *900* (international French-language literary and artistic quarterly), summer of 1927 issue

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There was nothing deceptive about such a sinister epoch as ours. Everything was negative. In the presence of so many cadaverous faces the word 'creation' almost became ironical. To

say 'No' — that was the most popular line one could take with a public that scarcely understood what was going on. To say 'No' to everything in the world.

Click! We are in Germany. November 1918. The man of iron — devoid of flesh; the man of paper — without a heart; the *Ersatzmann*, the makeshift man, had crumbled to pieces. All the effort and the victories had been in vain. Despair. Renunciation. Nothing. Then Dada came. For a full month it reigned supreme in Berlin — and let me say now that it had much more excuse for existence here than it had in Paris. The negative spirit was pressing everywhere.

We must always remember that the French Dadaists did not understand what it was all about. They got themselves up in monocles and wild cravats. They wrote manifestoes on gold paper and thought they could impress their contemporaries by the rough language they used, and went in for talking like hooligans. On the one hand their monocles brought out a terrible resemblance to the æsthete Wilde, who is about the most preposterous figure possible in the eyes of our epoch, and on the other hand they uttered their swear words so timidly that they trembled on their pedestals as they did so. The result was that when it was all over no one could say which was the more imbecile — the public that went to hear them, or the people who made the noise.

The Berlin Dadaists openly avoided society. They did not say 'No' merely to strike a glorious attitude and to get their names in the papers, as was the case in Paris, where they all went about with one eye on the Argus Clipping Bureau. In Berlin the Dadaists boxed the ears of the man in the street, they attacked everything brutish, and made a revolution that mattered.

George Grosz was the chief of the German Dadaists, and his work occupies a real position in the history of his country's art. He is the Daumier of his generation, but a thousand times more bitter, more wicked, more sarcastic, more brutal, and more aggressive. What need did he have of being a revolutionist? He had enough common sense to recognize the brutality and misery of mankind. He had only to sit down in a Berlin café and make sketches on his cuff of the misshapen heads, the replete grins, and the equivocal smiles of a group of Europeans who considered themselves the trustees of Kultur.

George Grosz has made a collection of these drawings that immortalize the Prussian brute in all its attitudes.

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There is the thin-faced officer, proud of all the corpses to whose health he is draining his glass of champagne. There is the honorable bourgeois talking about the Bible or the cotton crop while under the table his moist hand is caressing the bare leg of a prostitute. There is the sentimental lover, rich enough to pay heart balm, hiding under his waistcoat the revolver that he presses politely to his heart, while in the background lies a pathetic corpse.

Turning the pages of Grosz's albums, we encounter a veritable witches' Sabbath — and not in some hidden cave, but right before our eyes on every corner of the boulevard, at every café table, and at every shop that has been transformed into a place of assignation. Dürer's Dance of Death is not so sad as this dance of life, with all those feminine leers that we see every day and all those brutal masks that bear such a fearful resemblance to our former masters.

Grosz's drawings are so comical that they make us laugh at first, but gradually they terrify us, and as we turn the pages we are overcome with an unforgettable obsession. If there is any artist who accuses our way of living, it is George Grosz. If any man has discovered the defects of our society and has systematically exposed them without fearing the burst of anger and shame that would follow, it is surely George Grosz. If any document reveals to us the lowest depths of the 'Boche' soul, it is this collection of drawings that do not pretend to represent great art or the composition of a genius or any kind of superhuman creation, but merely unmask the social riffraff that is devouring modern Europe.

George Grosz is still very young. But he was much younger ten years ago, and even then critics were proclaiming him the new champion of an unknown art. George Grosz has the stuff of genius in him. In his pre-war work he created a style of his own, at once personal and childish. At that time he was showing us the aspect of our modern cities, of American skyscrapers, and of apocalyptic boulevards, displaying rare imagination and extraordinary power of movement and association. He also revealed himself from time to time as melancholy, subtle, and highly poetic. Above his drunkards and prostitutes he would place smiling stars and half-moons full of promise and hope.

These promises and hopes were never realized. The war came, and peace followed. What has happened? Everyone knows the answer, but some there are who will not sleep and who await the dawn with revolvers under their pillows, their minds haunted with insupportable visions. Like George Grosz, they have become revolutionists in art and in the world of actuality, though now they confine themselves to working through images and words. With a broken mirror — their only weapon —

A drawing of Wieland Herzfelde

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trembling in their hands, they show their contemporaries the real aspect of our times, and they arouse shame, a ferocious sense of shame. If those who look at themselves in this mirror hide their faces, the revolutionists will have conquered and their malicious spirit will have justified itself. But, alas, Germany is far from recognizing this. Did she not haul George Grosz and his friends into court for having 'outraged the Army'? Is not Grosz being persecuted? But it is better so. It means that the beast is wounded; the boar is bleeding in all its parts, and some day its trail of blood will become the sign by which one can follow its path from darkness into light.

Some day George Grosz will be recognized as having done more for the German revolution than any politician.

THE NOVELS OF MEREDITH[1]

BY A 'TIMES' REVIEWER

TWENTY years ago the fame of George Meredith was at its height. His novels had won their way to celebrity through all sorts of difficulties, and their fame was all the brighter and the more singular for what it had subdued. Then, too, it was generally discovered that the maker of these splendid books was himself a splendid old man. Visitors who went down to Box Hill reported that they were thrilled as they walked up the drive of the little suburban house by the sound of a voice booming and reverberating within. The novelist, seated among the usual knickknacks of the drawing-room, was like the bust of Euripides to look at. Age had worn and sharpened the fine features, but the nose was still acute, the blue eyes still keen and ironical. Though he had sunk immobile into an armchair, his aspect was still vigorous and alert. It was true that he was almost stone-deaf, but this was the least of afflictions to one who was scarcely able to keep pace with the rapidity of his own ideas. Since he could not hear what was said to him, he could give himself whole-heartedly to the delights of soliloquy. It did not much matter, perhaps, whether his audience was cultivated or simple. Compliments that would have flattered a duchess were presented with equal ceremony to a child. Never did he lapse into commonplace colloquialism. But all the time this highly wrought, artificial conversation, with its crystallized phrases and its high-piled metaphors, moved and tossed on a current of laughter. His laugh curled round his sentences as if he himself enjoyed their humorous exaggeration. The master of language was splashing and diving in his element of words. So the legend grew; and the fame of George Meredith, who sat with the head of a Greek poet on his shoulders in a suburban villa beneath Box Hill, pouring out poetry and sarcasm and wisdom in a voice that could be heard almost on the highroad, made his fascinating and brilliant books seem more fascinating and brilliant still.

[1] From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London Independent Conservative daily), *February 9*

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But that is twenty years ago. His fame as a talker is necessarily dimmed, and his fame as a writer seems also under a cloud. On none of his successors is his influence now marked. When one of them whose work has given him the right to be heard chances to speak his mind on the subject, it is not flattering. 'Meredith,' writes Mr. Forster in his *Aspects of Fiction*, 'is not the great name he was twenty years ago. . . . His philosophy has not worn well. His heavy attacks on sentimentality — they bore the present generation. . . . When he gets serious and noble-minded there is a strident overtone, a bullying that becomes distressing. . . . What with the faking, what with the preaching, which was never agreeable and is now said to be hollow, and what with the Home Counties posing as the universe, it is no wonder Meredith now lies in the trough.' The criticism is not, of course, intended to be a finished estimate; but in its conversational sincerity it condenses accurately enough what is in the air when Meredith is mentioned. No, the general conclusion would seem to be, Meredith has not worn well. But the value of centenaries lies in the occasion they offer us for solidifying such airy impressions. Talk, mixed with half-rubbed-out memories, forms a mist by degrees through which we scarcely see plain. To open the books again, to try to read them as if for the first time, to try to free them from the rubbish of reputation and accident — that, perhaps, is the most acceptable present we can offer to a writer on his hundredth birthday.

And since the first novel is always apt to be an unguarded one, where the author displays his gifts without knowing how to dispose of them to the best advantage, we may do well to open *Richard Feverel* first. It needs no great sagacity to see that the writer is a novice at his task. The style is extremely uneven. Now he twists himself into iron knots; now he lies flat as a pancake. He seems to be of two minds as to his intention. Ironic comment alternates with long-winded narrative. He vacillates from one attitude to another. Indeed, the whole fabric seems to rock a little insecurely. The baronet wrapped in a cloak; the county family; the ancestral home; the uncles mouthing epigrams in the dining-room; the great ladies flaunting; the jolly farmers slapping their thighs; all liberally, yet spasmodically, sprinkled with dried aphorisms from a pepper pot called the Pilgrim's Scrip — what an odd conglomeration it is! But the oddity is not on the surface. It is not simply that whiskers and bonnets have gone out of fashion; or that Proust and Henry James have given the novel a twist in another direction. The oddity lies deeper, where indeed, with a writer of any standing, it must lie — not in his outward bearing, but in his attitude as a whole. And when we say that Meredith's attitude is a strange one we mean that it combines in the most paradoxical way a romantic wildness and a starched artificiality. For what purpose has he knocked down all the usual staircases and dissolved all the usual stucco mansions? Verisimilitude is violated on every page. The atmosphere crackles with unreality. The airs and the graces, the capital letters and the quotations, the formal 'sirs' and 'ma'ams' of the dialogue, are all there to create an atmosphere unlike that of daily life — an atmosphere in which astonishing things can happen, in which exotic characters can seem natural. And behold, after all this preparation, there enter a baronet, a hero, a bad woman, a good woman, a landlady, and a butler. There is an indescribable conventionality about them which makes them fit their ready-made clothing precisely. For what, then, we may ask, has he sacri-

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ficed the substantial advantages of plain common sense? For the sake, perhaps, not of his characters, who have gained little, but of his scenes. One after another he creates scenes which we can name abstractly by such titles as the Birth of Love, Youth, the Power of Nature. We are galloped to them over every obstacle on the pounding hoofs of rhapsodical prose. 'Away with Systems! Away with a corrupt World! Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island! Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine stems.' But we have not yet exhausted the elements of this strange book, for we have to reckon with the ubiquitous author. He is by no means merged in his characters. He has a mind stuffed with ideas, hungry for argument. His boys and girls may spend their time picking daisies in the meadows, but they breathe, however unconsciously, an air brittle with electricity. On a dozen occasions these incongruous elements strain and threaten to break apart. The book is cracked through and through with unreality. Yet it succeeds in holding miraculously together — not, certainly, by the depth or originality of its character drawing, but by the vigor of its intellectual power and by its lyrical intensity.

Let him write another book or two; get into his stride; control his crudities: and we will open *Harry Richmond* and see what has happened now. Of all the things that might have happened this surely is the strangest. All trace of immaturity is gone; but with it every trace of the uneasy adventurous mind has gone too. The story bowls smoothly along the road which Dickens has already trodden of autobiographical narrative. It is a boy speaking, a boy thinking, a boy adventuring. For that reason, no doubt, the author has curbed his redundance and pruned his speech. The style is the most rapid possible. It runs smooth, without a kink in it. Stevenson, one feels, must have learned much from this supple narrative, with its precise adroit phrases, its fir trees, its landscapes, its gypsies, its exact quick glance at visible things.

> Plunged among dark green leaves, smelling wood-smoke, at night; at morning waking up, and the world alight, and you standing high, and marking the hills where you will see the next morning and the next, morning after morning, and one morning the dearest person in the world surprising you just before you wake: I thought this a heavenly pleasure.

It goes gallantly, but a little self-consciously. He hears himself talking. Doubts begin to rise and hover and settle at last (as in *Richard Feverel*) upon the human figures. These boys are no more real boys than the sample apple which is laid on top of the basket is a real apple. They are too simple, too gallant, too adventurous, to be of the same unequal breed as David Copperfield, for example. They are sample boys, novelist's specimens; and again we encounter the extreme conventionality of Meredith's mind where we found it, to our surprise, before. With all his boldness (and there is no risk that he will not run with probability), there are a dozen occasions on which a reach-me-down character will satisfy him well enough. But just as we are thinking that the young gentlemen are altogether too pat, and the adventures which befall them altogether too slick, the shallow bath of illusion closes over our heads and we sink with Richmond Roy and the Princess Ottilia into the world of fantasy and romance, where all holds together and we are able to put our imagination at the writer's service without reserve. That such surrender is above all things delightful, that it adds spring-heels to our boots, that it fires the cold skepticism out of us and makes the world glow in lucid transparency

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before our eyes, needs no showing, as it certainly submits to no analysis. That Meredith can induce such moments proves him possessed of an extraordinary power. Yet it is a capricious power and highly intermittent. For pages all is effort and agony; phrase after phrase is struck and no light comes. Then, just as we are about to drop the book, the rocket roars into the air, the whole scene flashes into light, and the book, years after, is recalled by that sudden splendor.

If, then, this intermittent brilliancy is Meredith's characteristic excellence, it is worth while to look into it more closely. And perhaps the first thing we shall discover is that these scenes which catch the eye and remain in memory have little psychological value. Richard and Lucy, Harry and Ottilia, Clara and Vernon, Beauchamp and Renée, are shown us on board some yacht, under some cherry tree, on some river bank. Always the landscape makes part of the emotion. The sea or the sky or the wood is brought forward so as to symbolize what the human beings are feeling or looking. 'The sky was bronze, a vast furnace dome. The folds of light and shadow everywhere were satin rich. That afternoon the bee hummed of thunder and refreshed the ear.' That is a description of a state of mind. 'These winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly. The earth is still as if waiting. A wren warbles, and flits through the lank, drenched branches; hillside opens green; everywhere is mist, everywhere expectancy.' That is a description of a woman's face. But only some states of mind and some expressions of face can be described in imagery — only those which are so highly wrought as to be simple and, for that reason, will not submit to analysis. This is a limitation; for though we may be able to see these people, very brilliantly, in a moment of illumination, the light sinks and leaves us in darkness. We have no such intuitive knowledge of Meredith's characters as we have of Stendhal's, Chekhov's, Jane Austen's. Indeed, our knowledge of such characters is so intimate that we can almost dispense with 'great scenes' altogether. Some of the most emotional scenes in fiction are the quietest. We have been wrought upon by nine hundred and ninety little touches; the thousandth, when it comes, is as slight as the others, but the effect is prodigious. But with Meredith there are no touches; there are hammer strokes only, so that our knowledge of his characters is partial, spasmodic, and intermittent.

Meredith, then, is not among the great psychologists — that would seem to be true if we consider only the characters that are created by the lyrical and poetical side of his genius. But a mind which is so self-conscious, so sophisticated, is not likely to remain lyrical for long. He does not sing only; he dissects. Even in his most poetical scenes there is a hint of irony, a sneer curling its lash round the phrases and laughing at their extravagance. The comic spirit when it is allowed to dominate the scene licks the world to a very different shape. *The Egoist*, for example, at once modifies our theory that Meredith is preëminently the master of great scenes. Here there is none of that precipitate hurry which has rushed us up to and over obstacles to the summit of one emotional peak after another. The case is one that needs argument; argument needs logic; Sir Willoughby, 'our original male in giant form,' is turned slowly round before a steady fire of scrutiny and criticism which allows no twitch on the victim's part to escape it. At the same time Meredith pays us the supreme compliment; we are civilized people, he seems to say. He raises us to a seat beside him on the

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bench. He imputes to us the same disinterestedness, the same maturity, that he has himself. So seldom are we asked to think, so often are we asked to feel, so implicit is the novelist's assumption that thinking is the death of living, that when Meredith asks us openly to put our minds at his service in *The Egoist* we are at first bewildered and then delighted. Indeed, his comic spirit is a far more penetrating goddess than his lyrical. It is she who cuts a clear path through the jungle of his manner; she who surprises us again and again with the depth of her observations; she who creates the dignity, the intellectual vitality, of Meredith's world, its seriousness, its solidity. Had Meredith, one is tempted to reflect, lived in an age or a country where civilization was high enough to allow of comedy, he might never have contracted those airs of intellectual superiority, that manner of oracular solemnity, which it is, he points out, the use of the comic spirit to correct.

But now when it comes to making a whole of these scattered impressions, to shaping from many books one composite volume upon which to pronounce judgment, — and with most writers that happy illusion is reached when two or three books have been read carefully, — something eludes us. Never was there a harder task. It is as if the one quality which binds and concentrates and commits us to an opinion had been omitted. Nothing but a brilliant but disintegrated mass is left. The books change shape and color even as we look at them. *Richard Feverel*, *Harry Richmond*, *The Egoist*, each differs profoundly from the others. They are at once tragic and comic, didactic and lyric, flamboyant and severe. They change so quickly and so completely that we almost accuse the author of acting a part, of assuming a character to deceive us. And even if we could reduce our total impressions to order, we are reminded by an excuse here, an irritation there, that Meredith is hedged off from us by a thicket of thorns, and the sympathy between us is torn and imperfect. And it is, perhaps, because he rouses these antipathies that we are a little more anxious than usual to cross-examine our impressions, to turn back and amplify some of those notes which were hastily scribbled in the margin of the mind in reading. His conventionality, for instance, disconcerted us. There was, we felt, something of pose and artificiality about his people. The hero was a hero and the butler was a butler. It is not, let us quickly insist, that we require the surface realism which is usually called life. A novelist, we say, can be as fantastic as he likes or as real as he likes, provided that he observes his own laws of perspective. When Meredith asks us to grant him an atmosphere which, compared with Trollope's, is tropical in the extreme, we grant it willingly; only we ask that the emotion shall be consistent. For, more especially when the emotion is high pitched, we dread the wrong contrast, the wrong relief, that will rouse us and make us feel ridiculous in proportion to our exaltation. The emotion in Meredith is always at fever heat. Dip into his pages, and we find that his ordinary narrative prose is so highly strung that he will go out of his way to avoid simple words like laughter or sewing. He prefers to say 'gave his lungs full play' or 'tasking the intricacies of the needle.' And when the pitch of feeling is at this height, it is natural that a novelist should lapse, not into dullness, as Trollope would have done in the same case, but into the meretricious and the false. The big phrases roll up, but there is no emotion to fill them. It is natural, because it is natural that a novelist's invention should flag, and that his imagination

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should cool. A novel, moreover, is a great many pages in length, and there is no help to be had by the novelist from outside. The poet and the dramatist can invoke rime and metre and the artifices of the theatre. For them both emotion is roused in advance and the atmosphere warmed and made ready. But the novelist, above all the lyrical novelist of Meredith's type, has it all to raise with his own hands from the ground. His inadequacy as a writer of narrative, the huddle and confusion of his manner, the daubed and bombastic nature of his characters, and the overemphasis of his speech, are due in part to the ambitious nature of his undertaking. It is unfair to ask of him the same integrity that we have the right to demand of the plodding novelist, when he has given us so much else.

For if he has neglected the usual amenities of fiction, is it not that he may give us what the ordinary novelist ignores — philosophy, poetry, the fine comedy which induces not laughter but a smile? Of the philosophy it is difficult to speak, and perhaps we resent the necessity of having to speak of it at all. For philosophy should not be separable from fiction. It is a view of life which has buried itself in flesh and blood, and it should be buried beyond the possibility of exhumation. No one can dispense with it; the simplest story has its view of life behind it; but the great, it would seem, — the Shakespeares, the Tolstois, the Chekhovs, the Jane Austens, — with their profundity and their fire and their humility and their patience, assimilate it so completely that nothing is left unconsumed. Otherwise, when a few years have passed, the teaching sticks out from the body of the book, annoying us by its irrelevance, as if the builder had left his scaffolding when the building was finished. The fact that we can go through Meredith's novels underlining this passage with a pencil, cutting out that sentence with a pair of scissors, and pasting the whole into a system, is against them. It is not that the philosophy is empty; on the contrary, it is packed and muscular and high-minded and sincere. But it is addressed to men in whiskers and to women in poke bonnets. The souls of these people no doubt stood in need of this particular medicine about the year 1870; in 1928 ours look over the medicine bottle out of the window somewhere else. Perhaps we are chiefly repelled by the fact that Meredith's teaching is based on optimism, an optimism which seems to us arrived at rather by self-assertion than by sympathy. At the sound of the thundering hoofs of his phrases all the more subtle and secret sensibilities steal away. He cannot, even to hear the profoundest secret, suppress his own opinion. His own opinion — and he has one on every topic — is often highly original and brilliantly phrased; but as Vernon Whitford said of Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson, the phrase-makers 'are so bent on describing brilliantly' that they see very little of what goes on before them. So Meredith himself is so anxious to illumine the path of wisdom that he scarcely lets us take a step in any direction. He is always twitching at our sleeves, tugging at our arms, and belaboring us with so many fine phrases that we never escape into that solitude where the imagination is most awake.

As for the poetry in Meredith's novels, there are people who suspect poetry in novels and hold, not without reason, that the perfect novelists are those fortunate writers whose gifts can be poured, smooth and entire, into the form provided. Defoe, Fielding, Trollope — what need had they of poetry? Was not their prose, indeed, the richer for its exclusion? Or if poetry must come in, let it steal over us imperceptibly without the raising of the voice or the

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swelling of the sound. There is poetry in Turgenev, in Chekhov, in Jane Austen, we shall find if we do not look for it. But Meredith's poetry never steals imperceptibly; it bursts at full blast. 'Away with Systems! Away with a corrupt World! Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island!' At one jump we have landed right in the middle of the lawn, crashed into the thick of the fantastic grove, are among rapturous lovers, see adventurers astride marble horses, while the sun dazzles orange and purple in our eyes, and the spires of Venice glitter on the horizon. It is outrageous, but it is sublime. Meredith is at his best when he is most Meredithian. To get on to any sort of terms with him we must concede him the rights of complete fantasy. After all, our long and forced diet upon Russion fiction skinned in translation of its style and thus made negative and neutral should not lead us to forget that the English character is often eccentric and the English language often exuberant. Meredith's flamboyancy has a great ancestry behind it; we cannot avoid all memory of Shakespeare.

Meredith's interest for us certainly, then, does not lie in his philosophy, and, though largely, not entirely in his poetry. It lies in his comedy — in the assumption which is explicitly stated in the *Essay on Comedy* and inspires the *Egoist* and *Diana of the Crossways* that there is a self-conscious society, a group of men and women who think, who criticize, who laugh at each other. To have conceived such an audience, to have written for it, is a remarkable achievement, if we consider how seldom the actors in fiction are allowed any relationship except of the simplest; how passive, how personal, how animal they are. Meredith, on the other hand, not only dares himself to be brilliant, but insists that life is an affair which calls for the vigorous use of the brain. His most memorable phrases, like Clara's 'I must be myself to be of any value to you, Willoughby,' are memorable for their penetrating sanity. It is by their thinking that his people live; it is the brain that defines them, and it is the brain, of course, that desiccates them. They have no halo round them, no atmosphere. Everything is clear, sharp, vibrant, and a little dry. For Meredith was too pugnacious, and too much of a preacher, to let down into the mind any of those tremulous sensitive sentences which seem to be washed hither and thither in the tides of the consciousness and to be drawn up coated with rubbish or with pearl. He stood alert on the surface. He was conscious in the extreme.

It is for such reasons as these, then, that, while we are stimulated and roused and irritated, it is difficult to take kindly and instinctively to Meredith's novels at the moment. Nevertheless Meredith is still a power, booming, reverberating with his own unmistakable accent, if behind a partition. He was a master in his own right. He took his way undaunted through obstacles which were more formidable then than they are now. He refused to concern himself with mere accuracy of representation. By every device of style, by metaphor, by elision, by rhythm, he strove to shore up and concentrate the billowy form of the novel, and to substitute starlight or limelight for the prosaic light of midday. The effort of bringing the unwieldy world of fiction into a state that allows of great poetic or comic intensity was exhausting, so that his characters are apt to be artificial and the style in its tension becomes tedious. But by these means he achieved great beauty, great intensity, great and abundant fantasy. Had he been able to hold aloof with the fixity of such writers as Turgenev or Flaubert, he might have achieved that completeness

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for lack of which his splendid gifts and his amazing energy now sometimes run to waste. But, as he wrote himself of Carlyle, of whom he so often reminds us, 'if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvelous pictures and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase.' The riot and confusion of the books, the sudden changes of perspective, the disconcerting mixture of the soaring and the didactic, disturb but do not destroy their power and their insight. And always as we read we feel that we are in the presence of a Greek god who sits incongruously surrounded by innumerable ornaments in a suburban drawing-room; who talks incessantly at the top of his voice; who is deaf to the lower tones of the human spirit; who is a little rigid and immobile perhaps, but at the same time marvelously alive and alert. This brilliant and uneasy figure has his place rather with the great eccentrics than with the great masters. His books are like the freakish blossoms which flower suddenly and strangely upon an old tree. He will be read, one may guess, by fits and starts. By many he will be found repellent, and by a few he will be idolized. But he will not be forgotten.

GONE, BUT HERE

BY JOHN FREEMAN

[*London Mercury*]

SHE was here, and she is gone,
Yet there is singing;
Round this heart of crumbling stone
Music still is clinging
As birds round cliffs where tempest groan
All day are winging.
How can music still go on — on —
And she gone?

She is here no more, but can
Her song be gone?
Stars that waned when dawn began
Still burn purely on,
Silence sings when every song of man
Is done —
How shall her song be mute although her span
Of life be done?

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Came Dawn

OPINION on the censorship of 'Dawn,' the British war film depicting the execution of Nurse Cavell, has been anything but unanimous either abroad or in America. Sir Austen Chamberlain made a beautiful gesture of friendship when the German Ministers in London and Brussels protested that the showing of the film would 'revive painful memories and embitter relations between countries,' for he declined an invitation to see the film, stating that he understood it to 'contain incidents for which there is no authority, and which can only provoke controversy over the grave of a woman who has become one of the world's greatest heroines.' Disgusted with this attitude of the British Foreign Office, Madame Ada Bodart, who was condemned with Edith Cavell but escaped the firing squad, returned the decoration of the Order of the British Empire which had been conferred upon her.

Just before catching a boat for America, T. P. O'Connor declared for the official Film Censors that 'in our opinion the theme of this film renders its exhibition in this country inexpedient in the present circumstances.' This aroused George Bernard Shaw, who can never be restrained from taking up the cudgels against censorship. He attended a private showing of the picture, and then asserted: —

'You might as well suggest that Sir George Frampton's monument should be demolished or veiled. Are you to commemorate Edith Cavell in stone and not commemorate her in picture? The only question to be considered is whether the film as a work of art is worthy of her. And you may take my word for it that it is.

'You have a most moving and impressive reincarnation of the heroine by our greatest tragic actress, whose dignity keeps the whole story on the highest plane. It has been planned and told by a young film poet who has been entirely faithful to his great theme — that of a woman who, at the risk of her life, kept a refuge for mercy and kindness in the midst of the European tornado of hate and terror.

'He has not betrayed her by a single stroke of bitterness or rancor, much less by any triviality of idle fiction. Both actress and author have felt, and will make us feel, that the law that Edith Cavell set above the military code and died for is an infinitely higher law than the law of war and the conceit of patriotism.

'The film can go to Germany as an English film without provoking any German to remind us that people who live in glasshouses should not throw stones. It rebukes us all impartially, and will edify us impartially. I hope it will take its lesson to the ends of the earth.'

Contradicting this Shavian outburst, Sir Alfred Butt curtly remarked: 'I agree entirely with the action of the Censor.'

The war-film war has called forth leader comment in most British journals. The Tory *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* make the people the final arbiter, but the latter suggests that 'public opinion is quickly veering round to the view that it is not only an act of courtesy, but of common sense,

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to eliminate from the screen scenes that could possibly prolong international prejudice or cause any feeling of discomfort in the minds of sensitive observers.' In the booklet entitled *War Films and World Peace* Commander Kenworthy attacks the stock argument for war films as follows: 'It is pure bunk to say that these films are intended to promote peace by showing the horrors of war; and one proof is that the official war films, some of which do show the horrors and miseries of the campaigns, have only been released after the more realistic and terrifying parts had been ruthlessly "cut."'

The Belgians, however, have not banned the film. Speaking in the Senate, M. Magnette said that he hoped the Foreign Minister would send a sharp reply to the German Minister's 'impudent representations.' He asserted that twelve 'films of revenge' are being played in Germany to-day, and added: 'Belgium will never forget. She will pardon, perhaps; but no conditions must be laid down.'

In bringing the film to America, Mr. Selwyn says that he does not fear censorship on this side of the Atlantic. Judgment on the motion picture should perhaps be reserved until after we have seen it, though certainly the subject of the film is hardly a happy one.

Sport in Germany

THE remarkable growth of amateur athletics in Germany is one blessing which the German people derived from the war, for a quarter of a century ago gymnastics and skittles were the only sports which enjoyed a modicum of popularity, while military drill was the usual way a young man took his physical exercise. To-day, however, the total membership of German athletic clubs amounts to more than eleven and one-half million — or one in every five of her population if we do not make allowance for the same person belonging to two or more clubs. According to statistics compiled by the sporting federations of the country, distribution of membership is approximately as follows: —

Juveniles (not differentiable)	3,750,000
Gymnastics	2,407,000
Athletics	1,610,000
Association Football	827,000
Walking and Climbing	777,000
Shooting	606,000
Cycling	553,000
Horse Racing	370,000
Swimming	143,000
Rowing and Canoeing	126,000
Skiing	90,000
Tennis	75,000
Skittles	65,000
Motoring	60,000
Boxing	55,000
Hockey	31,000
Sailing	30,000
Rugby Football	17,000
Aviation	15,000
Tobogganing	11,000
Motor Cycling	10,000
Skating	9,000
Motor Yachting	8,000
Golf	3,000
Roller Skating	1,800
Fencing	1,500
Jujutsu	900
	11,652,200

All these organizations are affiliated with the National Committee for Physical Exercises, which virtually amounts to a Ministry of Sport, and which derives about half of its income from either the federal or local governments. This National Committee feels strong enough to advance a political programme which calls for statutory provision of playgrounds on the scale of ten square feet per head of population, compulsory sport for all young people of both sexes up to a certain age, and one hour's gymnastics daily in all schools throughout the Reich. Cologne has already surpassed the first of these

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demands, for since her fortifications have been razed a girdle of football fields, athletic grounds, race tracks, and tennis courts surrounds the city. Several municipalities, notably Hamburg, have made gymnastics compulsory in the schools for one hour daily.

A 'German University for Physical Exercises' has been founded near the Berlin Stadion, where a great 'Sport Forum' is being erected. All the head offices of the German sporting federations are expected to be centralized here in order to bring about more concerted action in promoting the athletic programme. President Hindenburg, who is almost as laconic as our own Chief Executive, has declared that 'physical exercise is a civic duty,' and the Germans, like ourselves, take their President seriously.

Stabilizing Easter

A DEFINITE step toward fixing the date for Easter was made in England recently when the House of Commons unanimously gave a second reading to the Stabilization of Easter Bill. Much more remains to be done before the commemoration of the Resurrection may be fixed for the Sunday following the second Saturday in April, — or one week later than Easter falls this year, — for England must now obtain the coöperation of other countries and churches. In 1923 a League of Nations committee composed of three eminent laymen and three ecclesiastics, representing the Holy See, the Eastern Church, and the English Church, reported: 'Probably all the religious authorities, in spite of the difficulties mentioned by some of them, would be ready to consider the stabilization of Easter if the benefit to mankind of such a reform should be clearly defined and proved.'

The proponents of the Bill in Parliament, of course, point to the indisputable desirability of an Easter which can vary only within a limit of seven days, instead of thirty-five as under the present arrangement. The great advantage is economic, for now a financial year beginning April 1 may contain either two Easters or none at all. Railway companies and educational institutions alike advocate stabilization, since it will allow them greater uniformity in schedules. Even an ecclesiastical argument is advanced, for when Easter comes early in the year — March 23, for example — the services for that period are compressed into a very short space. The sponsors of the Bill, however, say that they do not want to force a compulsory Easter down the throat of an unwilling Church.

No churches have advanced strong objections to the English plan. The Convocation of the Church of England, like the Orthodox Church of the East, has passed a sympathetic resolution on the subject. The Roman Catholic Church has stated that it sees no objection to the proposal from a dogmatic point of view, and if the demand becomes strong enough the Holy See will submit the question to an Ecumenical Council. American churches are believed to favor stabilization.

Objection in Parliament came chiefly from the Opposition, which turned fractiously reactionary and argued that what was good enough sixteen hundred years ago is good enough to-day. One member supplied some damping facts from the Weather Bureau, which showed that England would have enjoyed wet Easters indeed if they had been stabilized for the past nine years. Lord Hugh Cecil was stimulated by the title and drafting of the Bill to remark: 'The Stabilization of Easter! Is n't that what people who

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don't write to the newspapers call journalese? Stabilization, indeed! Is Easter an airplane? It sounds as if the date were staggering and a little intoxicated. This is a blessed word — almost as good as trustification.'

One Member of Parliament reminded the House that there was 'not one vote to be gained either way' in passing such a bill, and since the stabilization of Easter is generally considered politically unimportant the movement may suffer from inattention.

A Bolivian Bonanza

DIVIDENDS of forty-eight thousand per cent are the modest hopes of the Sacambaya Exploration Company, which has been organized to secure hidden gold in Bolivia. This is the story they tell. During the early days of 'South America's Lost Cities' certain Jesuit fathers worked gold mines in the region near the Sacambaya River in Bolivia. The Spanish Government, getting wind of this fact, ordered them to pay rent or get out, but eleven years passed before the miners were forced to return to Rome with only a small portion of their wealth. The rest, amounting to more than sixty million *duros reales* in gold, silver, and precious stones, they left behind.

One of these deported priests left a description of the hiding place of the treasure with a half-brother in Peru. Through his descendants it came finally to an Englishman, Cecil Herbert Prodgers, who made an unsuccessful attempt to unearth the wealth, and then handed his information on to Dr. Edgar Sanders, a mining engineer who is president of the new company.

In 1925 Dr. Sanders followed the directions, and after digging through a tunnel discovered a silver crucifix and a wooden box containing a parchment that threatened anyone who entered with 'a dolorous death.' The workers at once threw down their tools, and Dr. Sanders took his parchment to Sir Edward Denison Ross, of London University, who said that it was the real thing. 'The story,' he remarked, 'is one of the most remarkable and romantic the world has ever known. The parchment is roughly cut from the skin, and the ink is that which would have been used toward the end of the eighteenth century. Also the language in which the warning is written is the authentic language of the period.' Dr. Sanders has now asked for — and we feel certain has received — one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to pay for the spade work and other formalities incidental to the unearthing of the treasure itself.

A Leprosy Cure

OIL extracted from the dried fruit of the hydnocarpus tree is expected to stamp out leprosy within the next decade, according to the annual report of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. The full significance of such a claim may be realized when we remember that there are now more than four million lepers in the world, a large number of whom dwell in India. The extent of leprosy in such places as Africa is appalling, but Sir Leonard Rogers, who has been devoting the past twenty years of his life to leprosy research, tells us that the native negro recognizes the disease much better than the medical man. This is ascribed to the fact that the African tribes are always raiding one another and taking slaves, but if any captive has a single spot of leprosy no native will touch him.

News of the cure is spreading, and the number of natives coming to the medical missionaries for treatment is rapidly increasing. According to Sir

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Leonard, sixty medical men are being supplied with the curative oil in Africa, and during the past three months one hundred thousand doses have been sent out by the Association. In Nigeria there were three hundred and fifty patients last year, and the number has now increased to eight hundred and forty. By the end of this year two thousand lepers are expected to be under treatment in Uganda. Only advanced cases have been coming to the attention of doctors, but now many people apply for treatment while still in the early stages of the disease, since they are treated as out-patients. Whenever a new case is found everyone in the house is examined at least every six months for five years — a precaution that has allowed the doctors to clear up eighty per cent of the cases before they reached the infectious stage.

Steps have already been taken to plant the hydnocarpus tree in all suitable countries in order to ensure an ample supply of the famous oil, and a new process of extraction has been discovered which reduces the expense of manufacture to one twentieth of the previous cost.

Leprosy, well known as a Biblical disease, is supposed to have existed in some countries — notably India — since the beginning of history. It has been traced for two thousand years in China. In 1329 Robert the Bruce of Scotland died from leprosy, and in 1874 its bacillus was discovered by Hansen. The disease, which is not considered hereditary, usually starts between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, and seldom until after infancy. Known for centuries as a scourge of God for which there was no cure, and which condemned the unfortunate patient to segregation while he awaited a slow but certain death, the discovery of hydnocarpus oil and its distribution by the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association may work wonders in eradicating one of the world's most horrible diseases.

Forged Manuscripts

ANOTHER forged manuscript evidently intended for American consumption was brought to light recently when Mr. Thomas J. Wise pronounced fraudulent a supposedly original copy of a poem by Thomas Hardy. A young American collector had picked up at a London auction what he thought were manuscripts of Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, Thackeray, and Hardy, together with an autograph of Judge Lynch, one of the fathers of American independence, all for the ridiculously low price of three hundred dollars. He took the rather motley lot to a binder, who promptly got in touch with Mr. Hardy's literary executor, who suspected the document's authenticity. Then Mr. Wise examined it, and said that two years ago Thomas Hardy himself had given him the original manuscript of 'At a House in Hampstead, Sometime the Dwelling of John Keats,' a fake copy of which had been purchased by the American. Although the literary executor advised the callow collector to tear up this 'impudent forgery,' it is very probable that the work will be bound along with the rest as a curiosity.

Since most of the Hardy manuscripts are either at the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, and since few of his original writings are for sale, the forging of them has indeed been a profitable business. When Mr. Hardy was alive only one forgery came to light, an autograph in one of his books, but since his death two faked autographs, each of which sold for about one hundred and fifty dollars, have been discovered.

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Americans in particular have been warned against what is believed to be a gang who place these spurious manuscripts upon the market, and thereby detract from the amenities of book collecting. In one instance a faked document was found to have been tanned, not by age, but by being dipped in coffee, a corner which the forger had held between his fingers proving to be the Achilles' heel of the fraud.

Documents recently placed upon the market and declared spurious by experts include a holograph letter of Shelley; manuscripts of a dedication to 'The Cenci,' Shelley's 'A Summer Evening,' Chapter IV of Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'osier*, twenty pages of a book by W. H. Hudson, and a short story by Rudyard Kipling; and a signature of General Wolfe's on a copy of Gray's *Elegy*. Hardy enthusiasts and book collectors find little solace in the thought that forgery may imply recognition of an author's claims to immortality.

A Japanese Passion Play

No Christian had a hand in the dramatization of the life of Christ which has been produced by Koryoku Sato in Tokyo. The play is divided into five acts and twelve scenes, of which the most striking are Salome's dance before Herod, the Last Supper, the trial before Pontius Pilate, the road to Golgotha, and the Crucifixion. The climax is reached in the last scene, which shows a dark, forbidding hilltop with three crosses dominating the sky line. Flashes of lightning reveal Christ nailed to the cross. He is naked except for a white loin cloth, and blood runs from His pierced side. Beside Him are the robbers, one reviling Him and the other rebuking the reviler, while at the foot of the cross kneels a small, silent group. Near by stand the Roman soldiers, some of them completely indifferent, while others are visibly moved.

The scene of the Last Supper is an almost perfect staging of the famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci. More action, however, is displayed in the scene showing Christ on the road to Golgotha. Amid booing and jeering crowds, Jesus, with a crown of thorns on His bleeding head, stumbles along wearily, and finally collapses under the weight of the cross. As the soldiers lash Him with whips and kick Him in order to make Him rise, a young farmer breaks through the crowd and comes to His defense. The soldiers laughingly say: 'He's only a common criminal, so what does it matter?' But the young farmer replies angrily: 'He may be only a criminal, but even criminals are human.'

In interpreting Christ great emphasis is laid upon His manly strength of character, His majestic personality, and His great love for mankind, for Sato had felt that the Oberammergau Christ was too weak and effeminate. Mary Magdalene is quite incapable of distinguishing between spiritual and physical love until the final scene at the sepulchre on Easter morning; while Mary the Mother of Jesus is depicted as a gentle but rather querulous old woman whose motherly love makes her try to dissuade her Son from exposing Himself to such constant dangers.

Historically, of course, there is little to show that the two Marys or Simon the Cyrenian resembled the characters in Mr. Sato's drama, and Christians who might understand his interpretation will perhaps object to certain liberties that have been taken. Nevertheless the play deals reverently and sympathetically with the great Scriptural narrative.

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BOOKS ABROAD

An Artist in the Family, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. London: Constable; New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. $2.50.

Prelude to a Rope for Myer, by L. Steni. London: Cape, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.*

French Leave, by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. London: Heinemann, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Rock of Justice, by H. M. Richardson. London: Hutchinson, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Quarrelling with Lois, by Kathleen Freeman. London: Cape, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Gerald Gould in the *Observer*]

RIPENESS is all — or ought to be. We are agreed, I hope, that nothing in itself can lie beyond the scope of art, if only the art suffices to bring out, to round off, to fulfill and perfect, the substance. And yet we do draw lines of demarcation, however illogically, about the substance itself. We do it most, perhaps, in the region of mental pathology. We jump to the conclusion that one man is a fit subject for art, because he is sane; and another not fit, because he is mad. I have heard it said (nay, I have said it myself — how often and how lamentably does one mean 'I' when, without royal or editorial excuse, one says 'we'!) that Hamlet was certainly not mad, because, if he had been, he would have been no fit subject for tragedy. And certainly he was not mad; and certainly, if he had imagined himself to be a poached egg or the Queen of Sheba, his tragedy would have been different from what it was. Yet art, which has in its time given humanity and voice to tin soldiers and moonbeams and drops of blood, should surely be able to embrace a poached egg, and interpret its most delicate misunderstandings with the toast. There is no limit; but our incapacity makes a limit. There is no theoretic limit; there is a practical limit. On which side of it does the artist, as subject, lie?

One has to assume that the artist, if not mad in the poached egg sense, is at any rate pathological. I don't know why one should assume it. It is a convention of fiction, not a fact of experience. There are plenty of Skimpoles in the world, but they are not as a rule artists. There are plenty of artists in the world, but they are not as a rule Skimpoles. In fiction, however, a majority of artists have the artistic temperament. They are handsome, selfish, inconsiderate, charming, and without moral sense. They live on others, and others let them. Mrs. Millin, a very able writer, has redrawn the conventional portrait in *An Artist in the Family.* She gives it a certain novelty of setting. But it is the old friend, all through, from the good looks to the moral imbecility. It is complicated by the color question. Theo Bissaker, second son of a fairly well-to-do, fairly intellectual South African farming family, is cheat, liar, poseur, sponger, cad; everybody puts up with him, and most people like him. He is sent to England, to Cambridge, to study law; but he does n't study law, or even go to Cambridge. He paints. His art is all in all to him. But no; actually the pose, the gesture, the pretending-to-himself, is more. He marries a feckless woman with an illegitimate child, and brings them home for his parents to support. He does n't like his wife, or behave decently to her; but the marriage is a gesture. He makes friends with a colored missionary from America (incidentally, Mrs. Millin draws an interesting distinction between the 'color question' of America and that of Africa); he, as an artist, is above these prejudices, bless you (another gesture!), but there is no health of honesty or consistency in him: when he discovers his wife, whom he despises and neglects, in too close an intimacy with the colored man whom he has pretended to befriend, he gives rein to color prejudice with as savage a violence as the most Philistine could display.

Mrs. Millin has a sure grasp of sentiment, and has written a thoughtful book;

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but she has not convinced us of her hero's charm. I do not believe that, in real life, he would have 'got away with it.' He is intolerable and improbable. Of the two crimes, in a character of fiction, improbability is the worse.

Mr. Steni raises the issue of pathology even more directly and acutely than Mrs. Millin. In his book there are, it is true, several minor characters more or less adjustable to the canons of ordinary experience; but the main action passes entirely between two people — Lucas Myer and Lorrie Errimew; and they are both of them in the extreme sense (I apologize for harping on the world) pathological. They are not impossible. Far from it. They are often to be found in the newspapers. 'Horrible Murder' — 'Startling Tragedy' — 'Gruesome Discovery' — 'Alleged Violence': for such headlines are they and their like frequently responsible. Different as they are in race, type, preoccupations, knowledge, environment, they have two things in common — lust and egoism; and in both of them both impulses take the form of seeing red. The explosion point of their tempers is extremely low; and when the explosion comes, its sheer physical force is uncontrollable. As a grim and brilliant study of moods darkening to insanity, *Prelude to a Rope for Myer* stands out, ugly but remarkable.

What a beautiful language it is that the authors of *French Leave* provide! When one character wants to say of another that he has a long upper lip, he says, 'He's a lip that'd trip a goat!' *Anything* written in that tongue would be enchanting; for everything is presented from an angle at once jolly and unexpected. The actual story happens also to be jolly, though it cannot be called unexpected. We are in the eighties, in Ireland; and Patricia wants to go to Paris to study art; and her father is 'the Master,' and 'a Terror.' Despite the Terror, she not only wants to go, but goes; though first of all there has, of course, to be a glorious hunting scene, mixed of laughter and excitement. The scenes in Paris are scarcely less lively than those in Ireland; and if from the first we foresee the return and the conclusion, the book is none the worse for that. No 'pathology' here — but high spirits and frank sentiment, in which even accidents and dangers and quarrels appear no more than pleasant accessories to the pleasant businesses of hunting foxes and making love.

Mr. Richardson has, with admirable skill and courage, given his new detective story substance by outraging one of the dearest conventions of the art. The convention is that the person murdered in the beginning should be a mere *corpus vile*, a corpus born to be a corpse: a millionaire, or a journalist; somebody who is so obviously better dead that his death is accepted as a nice mechanical necessity. Mr. Richardson commits the gorgeous solecism of giving his murderee reality and vitality, a charming personality and a charming daughter; so that we can sympathize with the daughter's relentless desire of revenge, and the whole plot has an air of excitement which no cunning pattern of clues and trails could furnish by itself. The heroine is a barrister and a climber. The proper allocation of guilt was guessed by me — but more from atmosphere than from argument — on page 116. The guess, however, only increased the excitement, for I wanted to see whether I was right, and how the climbing and the clueing would work out. This is the best detective story I have read for a long time. Hardened as I am against the type, I found myself unable to skip a syllable.

I recommend *Quarrelling with Lois* heartily, as a work of an original kind, carried through with care, consistency, and energy; just in color and texture, patient in detail, acute in characterization. Gregory has a little daughter, Nellie, who lives with her grandmother, Gregory's mother. The child is the offspring of an early and indiscreet marriage, and her mother is dead. Gregory, a person of forcible character, has made a fortune, neglected his home, and become engaged to the fascinating Lois (we feel her fascination, though she never appears, except in retrospect and correspondence). Having quarreled with his fiancée, he determines, with characteristic energy, to sweep her out of his life, to fetch his daughter and go away — 'travel, spend money, show her the world and his power therein, see if Violet's relict and Nellie's father could n't put paid to Lois's lover.'

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His mother opposes the plan. The irony of the situation is that he does n't really want his daughter at all. But he is n't going to stand his mother's opposition, any more than *she* is going to stand *his* incursion. She is, in his view, 'no better and no worse than himself — moved, like himself, by what virtuous people would call selfishness and prejudice.' That, naturally, is but one aspect; they are both better than that. And the tangle is cut by the influence of the non-apparent Lois. A slight theme, but admirably worked out.

Notes et Maximes. La Conversation. By André Maurois. Paris: Hachette, 1928. 5 francs.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

It is usually conceded that, among other things, the French have excelled and still excel in the art of conversation, which is the subject of M. Maurois's little book, and in the art of writing maxims or *pensées*, the form M. Maurois has adopted here to express his views. For historical proof we are referred to the salons, on the one hand, and to the names of Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, Joubert. No other nation indeed can quite match these glories; though was any Frenchman so profound a talker as Goethe, so monumental as Johnson, or so humorous as Charles Lamb at the opening of t'other bottle? But M. Maurois is concerned with conversation as practised to-day, and he is not in pursuit of examples but of general truths. Conversation nowadays is supposed to have degenerated sadly from what it used to be; and there are certainly an amazing number of fools who must be talking. But then there must always have been; otherwise there would have been no reason for the carefully selected salon.

To an Englishman the great defect of modern French conversation is that it is too oratorical. Like Queen Victoria, every Englishman hates to be treated as if he were a public meeting; and who does not remember the elegant, often bearded French gentleman of a certain age, with the beautiful, caressing, throaty voice, holding forth in mellifluous sentences for five or ten minutes? At such moments one thinks affectionately of Verlaine's advice — '*Prends l'éloquence et tords-lui le cou.*' But then in England most of us prefer what M. Maurois calls 'play conversation,' where the ball of talk is thrown rapidly and skillfully from one person to another, and nobody dreams of juggling with it himself for more than a minute. In this sort of talk everything is lightly touched upon or alluded to, nothing is exhausted, and, above all, nothing is argued to the bitter end. Consequently, it can always be spoiled by one earnest-minded bore, or by a philosopher or a lawyer, or anyone with a passion for proving things. According to M. Maurois, — and so shrewd an outside critic is probably right, — the influence of Oscar Wilde on English conversation has given us the secret of making the paradox a commonplace. M. Maurois turns his phrase with such happy ambiguity that one is not quite certain whether he means it as a compliment or as a reproach. Those of us — and they are surely most of us — who have suffered from the 'epigrams' of would-be paradox-mongers will be inclined to look upon it as a reproach which should be taken to heart. Merely verbal wit so soon becomes cloying, like cream tarts; there must be somewhere the more solid nourishment of, at least, the appearance of an idea. But undoubtedly our conversation suffers from a strict convention of frivolity, almost of imbecility, which cannot fail to strike an intelligent foreigner. . . .

There seems to be one grave objection to this otherwise admirable little book: M. Maurois limits conversation to that of the fashionable and intellectual classes. But there are many sorts of conversation. There is, for example, that interchange of Olympian certitudes in oracular phraseology which goes on among undergraduates. This, though for different reasons, is almost equally entertaining to the protagonists and to any listener. There is the conversation in the taproom of a fairly remote country inn on a winter evening, the only conversation which now retains the gravity and sense of style of the grand eighteenth-century manner. Unluckily, this conversation has been so often the prey of regionalist novelists that a stranger is hardly ever allowed in. He may be politely tolerated,

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but there will be no real expansion, no serious talk, until he has gone. But here again the country taproom is true to the best traditions of the salon. One has only to recollect the disarray of Mme. du Deffand's circle at the intrusion of an undesirable element. And then there is the conversation of what used to be called cockneys, where both men and women excel in repartee and skillful allusion, though the narrative style is often overweighted with repetitions of the epic or Homeric sort, such as 'I sez to him I sez.' . . . Here again the fictions of unskillful writers have given a false idea of typical beauties; but then it is not given to everyone to associate with those proletarian Talleyrands and du Deffands who pose for Mr. George Belcher. Few of our contemporaries, when they complain of the decay of conversation, think of seeking it where it most flourishes — in the slums. But then, as M. Maurois says, '*ils préfèrent une médiocrité connue à une grandeur incommunicable.*'

The Universal Aspects of Fascism, by James Strachey Barnes, with a preface by Signor Benito Mussolini. London: Williams and Norgate, 1928. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[B. H. Liddell Hart, in the *Daily Telegraph*]

This book comes at an opportune moment, for the British public's attitude to and interest in Fascism are now entering upon the third of three changing phases. First came a hearty but superficial welcome to the new order as a reaction against the disorder of the 'Reds.' Then followed a phase of perplexity mingled with distaste because of Fascism's uncompromising breach of the conventional shibboleths of the British Constitution and its cherished catchwords. Now, gradually, a realization is dawning that Fascism is something entirely different, not merely in action, but in mind, that the difference is one of foundations far more than of customs and institutions, and that to follow its development intelligently the observer or reader must first free himself from the bonds of his own political dogmas and ideals.

Signor Mussolini's preface stamps this book as an authoritative exposition of the philosophy upon which the Fascist State is being built, and emphasizes that while 'Fascism is a purely Italian phenomenon in its historical expression . . . its doctrinal postulates have a universal character.' As regards the restrictive measures which are apt to cause repugnance in the Anglo-Saxon, Mr. Barnes is justified in comparing the Fascist favorably with other historical revolutions, and he makes a sage point when he remarks that 'exceptional restrictions of liberty are justified in revolutionary times, just as they are in war time. A revolution is a fight, a fight between two opposing principles for the soul of a nation.'

And this revolution is a full-circle one, 'having as its object the reëstablishment of a political and social order, based upon the main current of traditions that have formed our European civilization, traditions created by Rome, first by the Empire and subsequently by the Catholic Church.' Thus it rejects both the individualist mentality and the principle of *laissez faire* which grew up under the successive influences of the 'Pagan Renaissance,' the Reformation, and the French and the Industrial revolutions. Taking as its starting point the fact that man is a social animal, it values the individual only in proportion to his contribution to the community, but holds it essential to establish a counterpoise to the consequent worship of the State, and finds this in the Moral Law — wherefore the share allotted to the Catholic Church in the Fascist scheme.

Community implies authority, but to Fascism this represents 'the best,' not 'the most'; the right to the tenure of authority depends upon the test of efficiency in reconciling the general welfare with the Moral Law, not upon the instability of popularity and popular sentiment. All the more because the goal should be not comfort but character, an ideal similar to but deeper than that of Kipling's 'If.' This brief outline cannot do justice to the profundity, simply expressed, of a book which, both for its philosophy and for its practical information, should be read by all who wish to understand the new Italy.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Beasts and Super-Beasts, with an introduction by H. W. Nevinson; **The Toys of Peace,** with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton; both by Saki (H. H. Munro). New York: The Viking Press, 1928. $1.75 each.

THE civilized wit of Saki has already received high and deserved praise in this department, and these two new volumes of reprinted short stories do nothing to diminish his reputation. Children, animals, the supernatural, and the English aristocracy are his favorite themes, which he handles with a deft touch that makes each of his stories a miniature masterpiece. Saki is said to have written slowly and deliberately on a tilted pad of paper, carefully drawing each letter, and making no erasures or changes, but his stories are perfectly polished. A complete description is made with a figure of speech, as in 'The Boar-Pig,' in which 'Mrs. Stossen and her daughter, suitably arrayed for a county garden party function with an infusion of Almanach de Gotha, sailed through the narrow grass paddock and the ensuing gooseberry garden with the air of state barges making an unofficial progress along a rural trout stream.' In 'The Wolves of Cernogratz' he creates a Gothic atmosphere that rings true. He lets us into one of his secrets in 'The Story-Teller,' while in 'The Schartz-Metterklume Method' we find this literary playboy of London society up to his old tricks of getting people in and out of ridiculous situations. There is so much in each of his stories, and there are so many good stories in each volume, that it seems strange indeed that Saki has not enjoyed much greater popularity.

'The Toys of Peace' is but one short story in an entire volume, but it is a story which combines Saki's love for children, his patriotism, and his irony. He recounts the experience of some parents who have been led by peace and disarmament propaganda to give their children toys which represent the industries and arts rather than such toys of war as tin soldiers, castles, and the like. Saki himself was intensely patriotic, and when war was declared in 1914 he tried to enlist despite his advanced age. Finally he was admitted into the 22nd Royal Fusiliers as a private. He insisted upon remaining such, staying at the front rather than taking the many easy posts offered him behind the lines. While crossing No Man's Land on November 14, 1916, Saki was shot through the head and killed. 'The Toys of Peace,' then, is a prose-poem sure to touch the hearts of all real Saki lovers, which means all those readers who delight in wit and literary craftsmanship.

Etched in Moonlight, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1928. $2.50.

THE story which gives the title to James Stephens's masterly little volume of sketches is not the only one to suggest the medium of *lines* rather than of *words* for producing the effect so successfully aimed at by the author.

The people he describes, the situations he presents, have the clear-cut outlines of pictures, and the portraits live — not through elaboration of finish, but according to the modern method, through economy of detail and complete elimination of the unessential. Though many of these brief but poignant pictures and episodes deal with situations compact of tragedy or pathos, they contain not a word of sentimentality or of emotionalism. Nothing is underlined, much is left to the intelligent understanding and sympathy of the reader — a flattering confidence which, in order to be entirely justified, requires a second study of some of the more delicately etched and elusive patterns that this accomplished artist has drawn for us.

Although the charming Irish humorist whom we have formerly known does not

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reveal himself in this brief volume as the whimsical interpreter of life in its lighter phases, we believe none the less that the balance and restraint shown in all these sketches could not exist without the humor which is essential to a true sense of proportion. We should not feel so clearly the sharp tragedy of 'Hunger,' the delicate disillusion of 'Darling,' the dreamlike mystery of 'Etched in Moonlight,' if their author's ears were not attuned to the laughter of the gods as truly as his eyes are open to their ironic or tragic manipulations of the human puppets whose destinies they so inexorably control.

The Mind and Face of Bolshevism, by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $6.00.

In so far as it is humanly possible to analyze the cultural and social life of Soviet Russia at the present time, René Fülöp-Miller has accomplished the task admirably. Each chapter of this thoroughly documented study deals with a different aspect of modern Russia — its poetry, its literature, its theatre, its education, and so on. To apply a touch of Spengler to the theme of the book, it might be said that Russia is now undergoing what Europe went through during the Reformation, and that the development of her culture and civilization is therefore about four hundred years behind ours — Peter the Great having marked the beginning of the Russian cycle. Herr Fülöp-Miller suggests rather than asserts this theory, and concerns himself chiefly with showing how the religious instinct, played upon by propaganda and forced into political channels, has become the mainspring of Russian activity.

One feels that the author understands and even sympathizes with the great experiment he has described. Rarely does he pass judgment, and few readers who have formed any opinions on Russia will find these opinions radically changed by the book, for it is in no sense a piece of pleading one way or the other. Open-minded investigators, however, will be likely to resent much of the hypocrisy and misplaced enthusiasm of the Communist leaders. A period of ten years is not a long enough time to prove the value of an entirely new social organization, and most of us will be grateful to Herr Fülöp-Miller for having thrown light on many dark corners. The translation is excellent, and the many photographs are better still.

Maria Capponi, by René Schickele. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $3.00.

Because René Schickele is a German-speaking Alsatian, the reviewer is strongly tempted to prove that his novel contains a mixture of certain Gallic and Teuton qualities. The story deals with a series of amorous contacts between the hero, himself an Alsatian, who tells the story, and Maria Capponi, a noble and sensational Italian. Both characters are European aristocrats of pre-war vintage, and their history extends from the turn of the century until the present time. The author's method, faintly reminiscent of André Gide on one of his off days, is to begin at the end, jump back a few months, return to the end again, and then go back to the very beginning.

The book opens after the hero, Claus, has lost his wife, and he is writing to his old flame, Maria, suggesting that she come back to him. The book ends with her laconic telegraphic reply, and the intervening passages trace the history of the dramatic crisis that we encounter on the first page. Some of the scenes have power and conviction, but there is too much futile padding, too much heavy striving for literary effects and elegant style. Mr. Schickele handles the high points of his drama with French intensity, but the intervening passages are too full of German stuffing. The hero, furthermore, is a thoroughly tiresome person, whose philanderings really do not deserve the space they occupy. Yet, in spite of the book's defects, we are inclined on the whole to recommend it as an accurate representation of the European scene and of European psychology both before and after the war.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

MR. SHAW has had a warm corner in his heart for municipal authorities ever since he was coöpted — not elected — on to the St. Pancras Vestry, and he cannot rid himself of the generous belief that all councilors and aldermen are as intelligent as himself. — *St. John Ervine*

* * *

The people who know most about life are the members of newspaper editorial staffs.

— *Buchanan Taylor*

* * *

No newspaper can give young people a true view of life. — *Reverend R. L. Hussey*

* * *

When they have some Anglo-American deal to put over, Anglo-Saxons always declare that blood is thicker than water, but every day we see clearer that oil is thicker than either.

— *Izvestia*

* * *

In no walk of life are men of ability too common. — *Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister*

* * *

Tobacco, as Calverley and other poets have pointed out, seems to be a commodity that makes for optimism, and no one is more prone to optimism than the tobacco planter.

— *Sir Gilbert Wills*

* * *

Safety First has never been the motto of commerce in this country, and I hope it never will be.

— *H. P. Macmillan, K. C.*

* * *

The dollar is to America just the most convenient way of measuring things done.

— *J. A. Spender*

* * *

Marriage is like eating mushrooms — you never know if you are safe until it is too late.

— *M. A. B. King-Hamilton*

* * *

If any business were run on the same lines as the administration of this country [England], that business would be broke in a year.

— *Lord Apsley*

* * *

I have never solved a crossword puzzle in my life. — *Sir Chartres Biron*

I know of no worse organization for buying than a government department.

— *Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister*

* * *

Money is almost the only power in times of peace available at the disposal of governments to influence administrative reform.

— *Winston Churchill*

* * *

Whenever I hear the word 'coördination' I know that the public is going to suffer.

— *Mr. Macquisten, M. P.*

* * *

Offenders rarely reappear at the Assize Court or Quarter Sessions, because the dignity and importance of the Court causes a lasting impression in their mind. — *Mr. Justice Roche*

* * *

The present policy is really one of paying to keep idleness alive. — *Mr. Clynes, M. P.*

* * *

To-day you may drop an *h* but never a pun.

— *Lady Sybil Grant*

* * *

If anything is true in this world, it is that trade does not follow the flag to-day.

— *R. G. Ellis, M. P.*

* * *

Gambling is the spirit of adventure gone wrong. — *The Bishop of Lichfield*

* * *

Taking the world as a whole, we find it is suffering from a surplus of labor and a shortage of wealth. — *Sir Ernest Benn*

* * *

There are no lost causes in this world, because there are no won causes. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

Man is not a rational animal, but only an animal striving to become rational.

— *The Bishop of Liverpool*

* * *

The strongest force for the preservation of society is public opinion. — *Daily Telegraph*

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THE GUIDE POST

LIKE Herbert Hoover and the Emperor Francis Joseph, Poincaré has attained prominence in spite of a certain lack of personality. Since the French elections are taking place just as these lines are being eagerly scanned, it is only appropriate that he should lead off the issue.

❦ ❦ ❦

The very idea of a railway across the Sahara Desert may sound like madness, but so did — and does — the radio. Africa, however, is a continent of unlimited possibilities, for its elephants are apparently cheaper and better agricultural servants than the new Fords, and our closing article on that theme — which cannot, we admit, vitally involve many of our readers — should at least prepare us for the surprise of the railway.

❦ ❦ ❦

As former Foreign Minister of the French Republic, M. Hanotaux is well qualified to deal with Senator Owen's thesis of Russian war guilt and to attack a school of thought that has flourished in this country ever since the happy days of war-time censorship came to an end.

❦ ❦ ❦

'Augur' — otherwise known as Mr. V. Poliakov — is the official spokesman of the British Foreign Office, and since he points out the likelihood of Franco-German cooperation it is obvious that the wiseheads of Downing Street realize that changes are brewing. Arnold Rechberg's companion piece on the new British Ambassador to Paris we print as the representative opinion of one of the big German industrialists, and not because we swallow his extraordinary allegations about our Cal and the Steel Corporation.

❦ ❦ ❦

A country that looks upon Al Smith as the uttermost limit of religious interference in politics may well be forgiven if it fails to understand the immense significance of Charles Maurras in France. England, too, dissociates religion and politics, and Shane Leslie's account of the real brain behind the *Action Française* movement is therefore written in terms that we can all understand. Apparently M. Maurras represents everything that Mr. Mencken in his wilder moments imagines himself to be.

Mr. George Young offers a realistic solution of the naval difficulties that continue to disturb Anglo-American relations. He would substitute the command for the freedom of the seas, and have the two great English-speaking democracies, as some whimsical speech-maker has dubbed them, mould the oceans exactly to their hearts' desire.

❦ ❦ ❦

Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl's name is familiar to most of our readers. He has spent many years in Palestine, but has lately been touring Southern Asia, where he has discovered tendencies that are likely to alter the face of the entire map within the next fifty years.

❦ ❦ ❦

Raymond Lacoste, one of the globe-trotting correspondents of the *Écho de Paris*, describes the life and customs of the monks on Mount Athos. It is not a place to take your wife on your next vacation, since women are strictly barred — and, in fact, merely reading about it will satisfy all but the most audacious and religious spirits.

❦ ❦ ❦

Just as the Germans claim Shakespeare as one of themselves, so the French announce that a member of their nation discovered America. M. de Saint-Cyr has a respect for mythology that makes his article more suited to the *Living Age* than to the American Historical Society's Review.

❦ ❦ ❦

Massimo Bontempelli is the editor of '*900*,' an international literary review published at Rome in both French and Italian. We are extremely sorry to report that the venture has now gone out of existence, for it printed some of the most original and amusing fiction to be found anywhere in Europe — witness 'Sweet Adeline,' or, as its author called it, *Une Idylle qui finit bien*.

❦ ❦ ❦

Bernard Shaw's greatest masterpiece has at last reached the intellectual capital of the world, and M. Gaston Rageot gives a thoroughly French and utterly lucid analysis of its simple appeal. The Pitoëff troupe who performed the piece have already acted *Saint Joan* with enormous success.

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